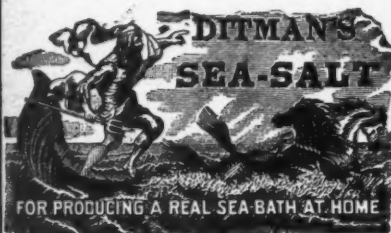




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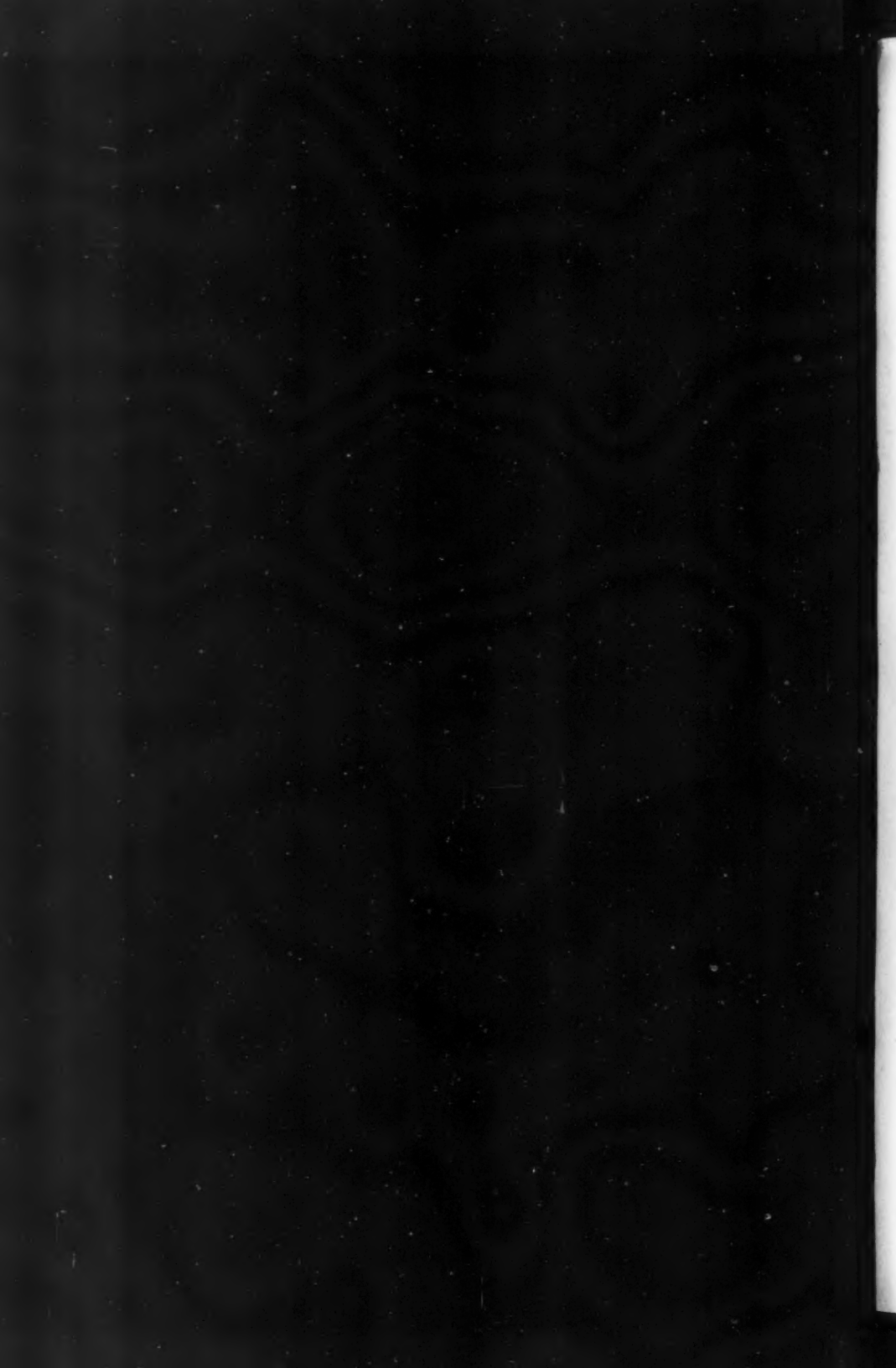
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Sixth Series,
Volume XI.

No. 2715.—July 18, 1896.

{ From Beginning.
Vol. CCX.

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TO MY CYCLE.

Dear other self, so silent, swift, and
 sure,
 My dumb companion of delightful days,
 Might fairy fingers from thy orbit rays
 Of steel strike music, as the gods of
 yore
 From reed or shell; what melodies
 would pour
 On my glad ears; what songs of wood-
 land ways,
 Of summer's wealth of corn, or the sweet
 lays
 Of April's budding green; while ever-
 more
 We twain, one living thing, flash like the
 light
 Down the long tracks that stretch from
 sky to sky.
 Thou hast thy music too; what time the
 noon
 Beats sultry on broad roads, when, gath-
 ering night,
 We drink the keen-edged air; or, darkling,
 fly
 'Twixt hedgerows blackened by a mys-
 tic moon.

Spectator.

ADRIEL VERE.

AT TWILIGHT.

Content thee, Love! Stretch forth no
 thought to seize
 Joys that beyond this twilight hour may
 lie;
 The silver silence holds us, by and by
 To comfort into dark by soft degrees
 All cares that man has suffered or fore-
 sees;
 All doubt, all dread, all striving melt and
 die
 Into forgotten dreams, and we desery
 The Shadow and the Promise, only these.

So leave the word unsaid, the song
 unsung,
 Forbear to praise or pray, so there may
 fall
 A moment in the Temple's ritual
 When even worship fails to find a tongue.
 Keep this one hour, that Love's heart may
 approve
 The sanctities and silences of Love.

Chambers' Journal. E. BLAIR OLIPHANT.

JUNE—IN COUNTRY AND TOWN.

This morning I heard the thrush sing
 From his branch at the edge of the
 wood;
 The lark—oh, he soared and trilled
 Just as gladly as ever he could.
 And the children here in town,
 As I watch them pass along,
 Are all of them tripping with happy feet
 To the tune of their hearts' own song.

For it's June in the sunny meadow,
 It is June in the dingy street,
 And the organ plays in the narrow ways
 To the children's dancing feet.
 Oh! it's June, June, June,
 And the world is all in tune;
 I hear the beat of the children's feet,
 And the buzz of the summer noon.

The sun is a-blaze in the sky,
 The grass in the meadow is deep;
 The windows in town are gay, are gay,
 And flowers in London are cheap.
 And the horses' feet keep time,
 In the noonday's drowsy hum,
 To voices that break into happy song
 For joy that the summer is come.

Oh! it's June, June, June,
 And the world is all in tune:
 And hearts must beat when flowers are
 sweet,
 And the summer comes so soon.

To-night with the moon on her throne
 All the woods are a wonder of dreams;
 The streets in the town look strange
 In the pomp of her silvery beams.
 And the winds in park and square
 Go whispering to and fro,
 And all of the leaves are awake and stir
 At the touch of the fairy glow.

For it's June in the grassy meadow,
 It is June in the city street;
 And the moon is bright in the summer
 night
 And the summer winds are sweet.
 Oh! it's June, June, June,
 And the world is all in tune:
 And all hearts beat in the summer heat
 For bliss of the summer's boon.

Academy. H. COURTHOPE BOWEN.

From The National Review.
EDITORS.

By courtesy editors are understood to be "able" and contributors "esteemed." Probably both have quite as much right to their respective epithets as members of Parliament have to be styled "honorable," lawyers "learned," and officers "gallant." Neither ability nor esteem, however, prevents them from entertaining upon occasion a very poor opinion of each other. Their quarrels would, indeed, furnish a very interesting chapter in literary history. I commend the idea to some gentleman more learned in such matters than myself; and meantime, inasmuch as the subject touches a good many people rather closely, and is perpetually cropping up in an acute form, it is possible that some observations on the relations between editor and contributor, suggested by personal experience in the latter capacity, may not be altogether without interest.

In my time I have contributed to just a score of periodicals, thus distributed: daily, five; weekly, eight; monthly, six; and quarterly, one. What with changes of editorship, I reckon I have had to do with a couple of dozen editors, not including two or three whose only concern with me has been to reject my humble efforts. To name the organs in question is unnecessary, and might appear ostentatious; but there is no harm in saying that some of them are very well considered. In short, I claim professional acquaintance with a good sprinkling of able editors, as they are to-day. With some, of course, my connection has been very slight; with others—and those not the least important—it has been prolonged and considerable. On the whole they have treated me very well, and inspired me with both liking and respect. There is only one editor whom I should like to kick. He directs the destinies of a famous periodical, and his name is known far and wide. I offered him an article on a subject of current interest. He took it, and kept it until it was too late for me to place the thing elsewhere at the time. Then he sent it back, but meantime he

had appropriated my idea and had got some one else supposed to be an authority, to write another article on the same subject. He may be an honorable man, and this manœuvre may have been within his rights, but according to my notions it was a dirty trick, entirely opposed to the unwritten law of honorable journalism, which scrupulously respects property in ideas. He was quite at liberty to reject my contribution, and even to commission some one else to do the same thing, but then he should have told me so at once, and not have kept me out of the market until it was too late to compete with him in the pages of a rival. Subsequently I did publish my article elsewhere, and had the satisfaction of knowing that it attracted a good deal more attention than his substitute, which was, indeed, very poor stuff, written to order and in a hurry by a man who had really nothing to say. The editor, however, probably cared nothing for that, as he is reputed to set more store by the names of his contributors than by the quality of their contributions, wherein his wisdom is doubtless justified by the folly of his readers. That is my solitary experience of shabby treatment at the hands of an editor, and what class of men can be named in which you will not find one cad to a score of gentlemen? If this seems, as it probably will to some of my colleagues, an unduly favorable estimate, I beg them to observe that it does not apply to proprietors, who are often responsible for misdeeds attributed to the innocent editors they employ. For them I have nothing to say. They have inspired me with neither liking nor respect. Here and there an honorable exception may be named, but generically the proprietor is a common trader, whose profoundly commercial instincts are the curse of honest journalism. His only use is to sign cheques, and he does that with an ill grace.

With one editor I have had occasion to quarrel. I wrote a series of articles for him on a special subject by arrangement. They were to be illustrated, and

my idea was to use some very appropriate illustrations in my possession. However, he preferred to procure some others, and in that I acquiesced with a bad grace, as they had nothing to do with the articles. Then he kept the thing hanging on for months and months. This is, of course, a very common experience, and though often vexatious to the contributor, quite within the rights of an editor, who must be free to exercise his discretion as to the time of publication. But for certain reasons I was anxious to have the articles out, and several times asked permission to withdraw them, if they could not be used at an early date. He would not hear of withdrawal, and assured me every time that they would be used at once. At last my patience was exhausted, and having an offer in another quarter, I definitely withdrew them. He was in a great way about it, declared that he had them already on the machines, and denied my right to withdraw. I answered that they were not paid for, and therefore my property, and that he had broken the contract, first by doing me out of my illustrations, and then by repeatedly failing to keep his word about publication. As for the illustrations he had been at the expense of buying, it was done against my wish, and he could get somebody else to write the letterpress for them. However, he appeared so dreadfully put out, that I gave way. Poor man, he was not a very grand editor, and soon after ceased to adorn a position for which Providence had not intended him. It was an excellent paper, but the office always seemed at sixes and sevens under his régime, and if I failed to make myself "esteemed," he certainly proved himself anything but "able."

So much for my personal grievances. They are trifling enough in all conscience, but then I make a point of never worrying editors. On the other hand, my friend Lucifero, a very brilliant journalist, must be always quarrelling with them. He is a perfect mass of grievances. "Damn these editors," he says, "damn them all in after-life!"

and the emphasis with which he utters this cheerful imprecation is that of a man persuaded of his wrongs. No doubt many others share the sentiment, and perhaps with more reason, for my friend has never been really ill-used, to my certain knowledge. He is too sensitive. Still editors are not always so careful of the feelings of their contributors as they might be. Grievances arise in two ways—the rejection of proffered contributions and the treatment of accepted ones.

With regard to rejection it is obvious that editorial discretion must be absolute. Probably the most sensitive contributor will admit so much; but there is a good deal in the manner of rejection. The principle, on which some editors act, that silence means refusal, may be quite legitimate, but it is not polite, and is not followed in the best offices, according to my experience. In them great pains are taken to do the dispiriting gently. With daily and even weekly newspapers the W.P.B. must necessarily play a great part, and absorb a vast quantity of unsolicited manuscript; the senders can hardly expect to have it back with a polite explanation, unless they are well known and really "esteemed." But there is no reason why the monthlies should not return such matter as the editor "regrets he is unable to use," and none why even daily papers should not answer serious offers. Some do and some do not, but it is not importance or press of business which determines the difference so much as the system of management adopted. The greatest journal of all, whose correspondence must be far larger than that of any other, is the most prompt and punctilious in this respect. With papers as with individuals the higher their position the more scrupulous their courtesy. Disregard of other people's feelings is the prerogative of inferiority. Not to answer a civil letter on business is at once ill-bred and unbusinesslike, whether the recipient occupies an editorial chair or not. On the other hand, contributors should not fancy that it means anything more. Some people believe that the whole

world is in a conspiracy against them, and regard every editorial rebuff as an intentional injury which would not be offered to a more favored individual. Others take a less hypochondriacal view, but still imagine that literary kissing goes by favor, and that without recommendations or introductions they will have no chance. My experience is altogether to the contrary. I have only been personally recommended to one editor, and he was the one I quarrelled with. The market appears to me wonderfully open. More attention is naturally paid to a known contributor than to a new-comer, and the signed reviews depend more or less on what is in a name, but otherwise, I believe, all editors are glad to receive suggestions, whether they answer them or not, and are prompted to accept or refuse, first by the nature of the subject, and secondly, by the merit of its treatment. In other words, they are publishers, but with a keener eye for novelty, and a sounder judgment than ordinary publishers. The subject is the first consideration. An unsuitable subject has no chance, however well treated, while a really good one must be uncommonly mangled to be unfit for publication. Would-be contributors might save themselves much trouble and disappointment if they merely wrote in the first instance to suggest the subject, instead of sending the manuscript, or—still worse—trying to see the editor. A note will be read, and, in a well-conducted office, answered; but the editor who is too grand or too busy to read a brief letter and dictate a couple of lines in reply, is not the man to wade through a manuscript on an unpromising subject. Aspirants often tell me that they have written an article on something or other, and ask if I can help them to "get it in" somewhere. I always say that I can draw the attention of such-and-such an editor to it, but that its chances of acceptance depend entirely upon intrinsic merit and his judgment; if it suits him he will use it without a godfather, and, if not, a dozen would make no difference. Such is my belief, but perhaps I underrate the value of

personal favor, as it has never done anything for me. There are cases which suggest that success at the bar by way of the solicitor's daughter is a principle not wholly unknown in periodical literature. With regard to an editor's judgment it is to be observed that what he has to consider is not so much the absolute merit of a contribution as its suitability to his readers. And sometimes, also, the caprices of a proprietor or other invisible factors have to be taken into account. These things explain many apparently unreasonable rejections. Still downright errors of judgment are made even by the ablest. I have more than once been gratified by admissions of regret for such mistakes.

The real trouble between editor and contributor, however, arises at a later stage, and concerns the treatment of matter already accepted or written to order. Here the choice of editorial sins and contributory grievances is very wide. Publication may be delayed or abandoned altogether; titles may be changed, matter excised, wording altered, etc., all of which are grievous to the soul of the sensitive contributor. The commonest and the worst offences are the liberties taken with the matter. I believe every contributor hates to be "edited," and thinks it very rarely an improvement. But old hands come to regard the process with perfect indifference. It is extraordinary what different views editors take of their functions in this respect. They may be divided into three main classes: (1) the fussy; (2) the careless; and (3) the judicious. The first can let nothing alone; the second let everything pass, including obvious slips; while the third correct with a watchful eye but a sparing hand. The fussy are better editors than the careless, who can hardly be called editors at all, but they are more offensive to the contributor. There are two varieties of them. Euphues Junior typifies the first and the better sort. He is a martyr to what he calls "style," and takes enormous pains to secure a high standard according to his notions. Unfortunately, his dominant idea is to

avoid the common at all hazards; and for the attainment of that end he has provided himself with a whole pepper-box of peculiar phrases, terms, tricks, and mannerisms of speech, with which he impartially sprinkles the pages of his contributors. The effect of this treatment is nothing short of astonishing. A word here, a phrase there, a peculiar use of stops in a third place—and lo! you cannot recognize your own writing. It does not matter in the least if the sense is distorted or destroyed in the process, and you are made to talk nonsense. The matter may go by the board so long as the "distinction" of manner is maintained. The said distinction consists in dressing up a very average person in a fantastic garb, decked with antique ornaments, and set off by patches, paint, and powder. A whole procession of such persons, all similarly bedizened and denaturalized, produces an effect of unspeakable monotony, and in the end possesses far less "distinction" than would belong to the same set of individuals, homely or otherwise, as chance made them. So the sheet over which Euphuos presides—or rather presided, for I believe he has left it—seemed to be all written by one hand, whose mark was affectation. The chief merits possessed by this kind of fussy editor are an eye for forcible expression, boldness, and a contempt for conventionality. The other kind is exactly the opposite. He can let nothing alone either, but his alterations are conceived in a niggling mood, and designed to water down any spirit shown by the contributor to a certain standard of general feebleness. Little Gudgeon is an editor of this kidney. He seems afraid to trust one's accuracy, and is always hedging. He has his fads in style, too, but they are all of a pottering character, and concerned with grammatical precision or something of that kind. Of course one cannot always know for certain whose hand wields the blue pencil in any office, and the chief editor may get the blame for deeds committed by a subordinate. I once did one of the best of living editors much

injustice in that way. My things were constantly messed about in a very ill-judged and irritating manner, and though I kept silence my heart was rather hot within me against the chief of the office. Suddenly a subordinate departed, and from that moment the editing ceased to be fussy, and became judicious. To make the case complete, the same gentleman went to another office to which I also contributed, and there the editing began to be fussy too. When he was away, I was left to say my say in my own poor manner. He was a capital fellow, but a slave to conventionality, and no great judge of English. I set a little trap for him once, and he fell innocently into it, to my great amusement. I introduced into my copy a sentence from Burke very much to the point, but somewhat unconventionally worded. As I expected, it was not quite up to his standard, and he put it right. After that I felt that I was edited in good company, and bore the process with equanimity.

The editor who does not edit at all, probably gives more satisfaction to the contributor than to any one else. I never can make out whether he does it from laziness, incapacity, or principle; but in any case I do not commend him. One has to be so very careful with one's proofs. And speaking of proofs that is another point in which editorial procedure varies curiously. Some editors—and first-rate ones—never send a proof; others send one sometimes, but not always, and when they do they seem quite indifferent about its return. A third class invariably send one and are so particular about it that the subject waits, however urgent, until they receive the revise. My friend Eugenio, the late accomplished editor of the *Monitor*, followed that practice. I once wrote an article for him, of which the proof, owing to my absence from home, did not reach me in time to be returned before the next issue. So, knowing the subject to be rather urgent, I telegraphed that no corrections were necessary. However, it did not appear, nor in two or three succeeding numbers. At last I wrote to ask what was the

matter and explained about the proof, to which he replied, "My dear —, what on earth do you suppose proofs are for?" My answer was, "That is just what I have never been able to make out." They seem chiefly designed to worry old contributors, and to excite false hopes in young ones, for if there is one thing certain about a proof it is that it proves nothing. Eugenio himself used to send out no end of proofs, which never went any further. But this is by the way.

To return to the editors, there remains the judicious class. I take off my hat to them in admiration of their judgment and insight. These are the really able editors. They deserve the epithet, for no abler men are to be found in any walk of life. In their treatment of contributors they know what to do and what to leave undone. The secret is that of all successful employers—when you give a man a thing to do, let him do it. Choose him carefully in the first instance, and then let him alone as much as possible, without relaxing vigilance or abandoning due control. The less he is meddled with the better he will work. I could name several instances of this kind of editing. The *Times* is a splendid example. It will publish column after column without the slightest touch of interference, and any one might think there was no editing at all, when some slight alteration—the suppression of an indiscreet word, the introduction of a fresh paragraph at a telling point, or a rearrangement of stops—betrays the watchful eye and the judiciously controlling hand. Every change is for the better, as the writer must himself admit, unless he is hopelessly in love with his own offspring. Under this system a contributor is stimulated by being allowed a free hand, and at the same time he derives additional confidence from the certainty that a chance slip will be corrected. On the other hand, the public gets individuality, interest, and variety. Mr. Frederick Greenwood was a distinguished editor of the same school, and his successor in the *St. James's Gazette*, Mr. Sidney Low, is not

a whit inferior. I am often amused at the contrast between the large-minded tolerance exercised by such masters of their craft and the futile fussiness of comparatively insignificant editors, who laboriously prune and pare matter good enough for journals of the highest calibre to suit their own ridiculous literary standard. These gentlemen always take themselves with portentous seriousness. The traditional renown of certain eminent hands for skill in "polishing" other people's copy has led them astray. The work of a capable contributor who has something to say is best left unpolished by another hand. He may not be a master of language, but he will tell his own story or lay out his own argument more convincingly than any one else can do it for him. Matter and manner have not a merely accidental connection; they emanate from the same brain, and cannot be separated without losing vitality. Time was when editorial assurance serenely undertook to polish Shakespeare. The process is equally mistaken in principle when applied to any genuine utterance, however humble. With mechanical work and special pleading done to order it may be legitimate enough.

There is yet another kind of editor, a sort of literary shop-walker, engaged in measuring out material by the yard. His only consideration is the amount of space occupied. He cuts off as many inches as may be necessary to make the matter fit, and spaces the paragraphs symmetrically, without the slightest regard to the sense. But perhaps he is only the foreman printer, or the office boy in temporary charge. Anyhow, he is an absurd person.

Of course the editorial prerogative in correcting contributions, depends very much on whether they are signed or not. Responsibility gives the right to control, and in anonymous work it rests with the editor, though it is often shifted to a certain extent on to the contributor by calling him a "correspondent," which constitutes a partial disclaimer, whether his correspondence is "special," "occasional," "our own," or any other variety. With signed contri-

butions, however, as in the case of most of the monthly reviews and magazines, the chief responsibility certainly rests upon the writer in the eyes of the public, and therefore editorial interference ought to be of the most guarded character. Sir Herbert Stephen's recent grievance against Mr. Knowles for altering the title of an article without consulting him will have the sympathy of all contributors and, I fancy, of most editors. It was a high-handed proceeding quite contrary to the usage of the trade. An editor has a perfect right to suggest his own title, and possibly to insist upon it, but not without notice, and if he uses it in face of the writer's objection, he should add a note to that effect. The title is an integral, and often a very important part of an article; and the writer who puts his name to it has to bear all that it entails, unless his responsibility is explicitly disclaimed. In the great days of the quarterlies distinguished reviewers stoutly resented interference although their work appeared anonymously in an organ possessing a sustained and definite character. The case is very much stronger with regard to the modern review, which is a sort of hear-all-sides repository of comment on current topics, and often lays itself out to represent diametrically opposite views on the same question side by side or in successive numbers. The editor clearly does not hold himself responsible for what appears beyond a general supervision, the choice and arrangement of subjects, and therefore he has no more right to take liberties without consulting the author, than any other publisher has. Common courtesy should alone prevent him from doing so; but some people appear to regard office as a dispensation from the restraint of good manners, which is doubtless very irksome to them.

Delay in publication is a standing grievance with contributors but an inevitable one. Old hands take it very calmly. I have had an article for a daily paper in proof for fifteen months. Yet I am certain that the delay was entirely due to lack of opportunity and

quite contrary to the editor's wishes. The worst of it is that delay sometimes means suppression, and then payment may go too, which is a real hardship. This touches a very important point. The only honorable rule is that all contributions written to order or by arrangement should be paid for, whether used or not, and that those which are not written to order, but are definitely accepted, should be either paid for or returned in time to be used elsewhere. The ideal procedure from the contributor's point of view is payment on acceptance, but few offices, alas! are sufficiently magnanimous for that. Payment after use is the general rule, and I do not quarrel with it. Personally I have suffered very little on this score. The only positive hardship I can recall was caused by inadvertence on the part of a most honorable editor. I wrote, by arrangement, a couple of articles for him, representing a good deal of labor. My mind misgave me as to whether the point of view would suit him, and, on handing the first one over I said so, and offered to withdraw them. He would not hear of it, so I went on with the second. However, time went by and twice again I offered to withdraw, but still he stuck to them. In the end they never saw the light, and probably perished in the W.P.B. The explanation, no doubt, was that he did rather shy at them, the paper being committed to the opposite view, and postponed using them until he forgot the circumstances altogether. I did not say anything or he would have compensated me, I am certain; but then, as I said above, I make a point of not worrying my editors. The loss, such as it was, on that occasion was made up on another by the singular experience of being paid twice over, which also happened through delayed publication. A long review of an important book which I wrote for a paper of high standing was held over for some time, when a sudden change took place in the office, and I was paid for the work standing in my name including the unpublished review. Some months afterwards it was used under the new régime and I was

paid again. I accepted the money without demur as the matter was well worth it. A few other remarks on the subject of payment may, perhaps, be allowed here, although they concern the managerial more than the editorial department. There are two points of interest to contributors—the rate of remuneration, and the punctuality with which the account is discharged. All periodicals have, I believe, a regular tariff for ordinary work, but few confine themselves to it. Special scales of varying elasticity are common. The great Bodger of the *Paulo-post Future Review*, who generally has a few ladies of title and ex-ministers on tap as mere *ordinaire*, is said to have remarked, with unctuous emphasis, to an eminent statesman, that there were *some* contributors to whom he would be glad to pay *anything*; and was not Mr. Gladstone lately offered thousands for an article on the Venezuelan question? It is obviously impossible to generalize about these fancy terms which are settled by special arrangement. Ordinary original contributions are paid by measure—so much the column, page, or inch at a fixed rate; but this admits of a good deal of elasticity, at any rate in the case of newspapers, and the writer's rough reckoning of what he ought to receive is often falsified. Sometimes one gets more and sometimes less than one expects. I have never been able to make out what principle determines the result. The variations indulged in by every newspaper with which I am acquainted are quite incomprehensible. Sometimes a column and a third or more is reckoned as no more worth than a column; at others the full value of every line is given. This adds a sporting element of uncertainty to the periodical cheque. The magazines and reviews, which pay by the page, are much more regular, and their remuneration can be reckoned with great nicety by the number of words. As to the tariffs, the *Times* comes easily first, then the quarterlies, then the other leading daily and weekly newspapers and the best monthlies, all pretty much about the same. But of the newspa-

pers, some are more remunerative than others with the same tariff, simply because they have more space at their disposal. When you have a subject in hand and plenty to say it is positively easier to write two thousand words, for instance, than to condense your remarks into one thousand or fifteen hundred, and therefore the short-winded papers are at a double disadvantage. Work done for them may give more trouble and bring in less return. The *Times* has a pre-eminent advantage over all other papers in this respect, as the quarterlies have, though in a less degree, over other reviews. The best market inevitably attracts the best work; a man takes his goods where they will fetch the highest price. But punctuality in payment is also a consideration of great importance. Contributors are rarely millionaires, and many a one prefers two guineas in the hand to two pound ten in the ledger. Managers do not seem to grasp this fact. Most of them settle accounts periodically—generally every month, less often at shorter or longer intervals; but, according to my experience, very few are quite faithful to the supposed date. Some are hopelessly irregular, and even require to be dunned before they will pay. This is infamy. I have had to dun a paper whose proprietor is a millionaire to the *n*th power. Perhaps it was not his fault, but the hideous fact remains. Periodicals which do not pay at all are beyond the pale of discussion. My experience of “bilking” is confined to a solitary instance; the culprit was a professional journal as well known as *Punch* all over the world.

Editors are not always so careful as they might be to preserve the secret of a contributor's identity in anonymous journalism. It ought to be—and with papers that know their business it is—an inviolable rule that no name shall be given up to any one whatever without the owner's permission. The result of breaking it may be very annoying. A friend once worried me to write an article on a controversial subject for a very well-known paper with which he was connected, and which I will call

the *Spread Eagle*. I was extremely disinclined to do it, having a poor opinion of the journal in question as it was then conducted; and when the editor sent me some ridiculous hints designed to teach me how to write up to the standard—ye gods!—of the *Spread Eagle*, I flatly refused. However, my friend's importunity prevailed, and the thing was done. The day after it appeared, the champion of the opposite view, who happened to know the editor, rushed in and took him to task, whereupon he promptly gave me away. The result was a ferocious attack in another journal a few days later, and much subsequent unpleasantness. It was an unpardonable breach of professional etiquette, calculated to make a personal enemy of a man with whom I had not the slightest desire to quarrel, and had in no wise attacked.

But, after all, such trifling annoyances as have come my way are nothing compared with the uniform kindness and honorable treatment I have met with at the hands of editors. There is only one general criticism that I wish to make. They hardly seem to realize the value of praise, or at least, very few of them do. I have read somewhere that Mr. Archibald Forbes used to conclude every despatch to the *Daily News* with these words: "and if you don't like this, you may go to the devil." That exactly expresses the mental attitude of the conscientious but spirited contributor. He is most anxious to give satisfaction and does his very utmost, but like all good workmen possessed of an ideal he mistrusts his own success. At the same time the consciousness of his effort makes him ready to resent the criticism which his diffidence teaches him to expect. A word of appreciation, however brief and businesslike, puts new life into him; the lack of it sends him about his work determined but without alacrity. At the end of a long job he may find that his work has been appreciated all the time, but that does not help him to do it; he wants an occasional assurance by the way. I have often thought myself a fool for taking excessive pains to ensure accuracy,

spending a whole day, for instance, in verifying a single statement, which occupied no more than one insignificant sentence, and probably passes quite unnoticed. One never knows; and though appreciation has not been lacking, as I gratefully acknowledge, the confidence which should reward accurate work is a plant that comes very slowly to fruition.

A CONTRIBUTOR.

From The Cornhill Magazine.
JUST A FREAK.

I.

The other night I played the impulsive fool once more, and it landed me in a bit of a bother.

We had tickets for the stalls in the theatre, to see one of Ibsen's plays—"The Mutton Sausage," I think the thing was called; and fine silly bosh it was. Not that the others went to see it. They couldn't or wouldn't go, after all. But it seemed such a sell to waste four tickets in that way, and so I went all by myself.

The fact is, I expected to see Ernie Grey there. Ernie and I were great chums at Eton, and it's awfully jolly to be going to the same college at Cambridge.

I positively yawned through that "Mutton Sausage." If it hadn't been for the smokes between the acts, I'd never have had the patience to sit it out, especially as Ernie wasn't to be seen anywhere. You never can rely on Ernie; that's the worst of him.

However, it came to an end at last, and I slipped into my cloak. There was rather a heavy crowd going out. I raised several sets of strong language from the dowagers because I trod on their trains. Serve them right, I say, for wearing such things.

When I was on the pavement, I hesitated. Was it, I asked myself, worth while trying to hunt up Randolph at his club? He'd stand me a soda and something if I could find him there; but, on the other hand, if I

missed him the walk would be a horrid grind for nothing.

I was thinking it over like that, and standing close up to the door of a carriage, when I heard a fellow say almost in my ear, "Here he is, m' lady!"

It was a footman, with what seemed to me a most lovely girl on his arm. I liked the curve of her cheeks immensely, and the action of her outstretched hand was also very taking.

What do you think happened next?

The lady tossed her cloak loose, pitched it over my shoulders, and said:—

"You naughty boy, Raymond. Why didn't you stay to help me out?"

"I—I really—" I began.

"Oh, don't make excuses. Jump in quickly and atone for it."

"Yes, sir," added the lackey behind me, "they're waiting for us to move."

The fellow not only gave me a leg up, so to speak, but he pushed me inside the carriage in a way I'd like to have boxed his long ears for.

Anyhow, there we were; her ladyship (whoever she was) and I, side by side, and the horses getting up steam at every yard.

"Upon my word," I exclaimed, "there's some mistake——"

"No mistake at all, you selfish cousin," was the patronizing reply. "You did it on purpose. I haven't the least doubt you devoted yourself to following some pretty girl. But it was *not* chivalrous of you, Raymond, indeed it was not. So early in our acquaintanceship, too! Are all the boys at Eton like that?"

Well, this settled me again. Wasn't it a coincidence that her Raymond should also be an Eton fellow? I wondered whose house he was in. But I didn't know any fellow of the name of Raymond. Rather a nice name, Raymond!

"No," I said, "of course they aren't. We don't get any practice there."

Her ladyship laughed a silvery little laugh. I wished there was more light inside the carriage. As it was, she didn't turn her face towards me at all, but seemed to be looking straight before her. It was a trifle queer, though not

anything like as queer as my situation.

"I didn't know you had so distinctly the making of a Lothario in you," she said.

"Nor I," I replied. "But might I inquire where we are going?"

"Going! Why home, of course. And when you have had a little supper you shall go on to your father's. You'd like some supper, Raymond?"

"Certainly I should, but——"

"Oh no, you needn't be alarmed. We won't give you any mutton sausage. Was that what you were going to say?"

"No, it was not," I answered indignantly.

"Tell me," said her ladyship, "did the characters look as foolish as their dialogue?"

"Well now, what did *you* think?" I retorted, naturally unwilling to give myself away.

"What should I know about their looks?" she asked quite mournfully.

"Why shouldn't you?"

"Raymond!"

She turned her face towards me at last, and the reproach in her expression made me feel that I was a brute.

"Do you forget things so soon?" she asked. "Do you forget that I am all but blind?"

Now that staggered me. I don't know whether I most hated myself or pitied her.

"I'm horribly sorry," I said. "But please let me explain matters to you, and afterwards you shall do just as you think best with me."

However, she would do no such thing. She put one of her pretty hands awkwardly towards my cheek and stroked it, and suddenly rattled into a criticism of "The Mutton Sausage" that lasted until the carriage stopped. Mr. Ibsen would not have liked to hear what she said about the play.

In the mean time, I pondered how to get out of the scrape I had got myself into.

Should I slip away by the off side of the carriage when it stopped, or should I first see this blind young lady into her house?

The matter was really decided for me, which was in a sense comforting, for I do hate to make up my mind to a thing.

We stopped. I fumbled at my door and couldn't get the handle to work.

Then the other door opened, and a "Jeames" stood to attention by the step.

"Look after the cloak, Raymond," she said to me. "It is much too warm a night to have worn it."

"All right," I said, and that is how I came to follow her across the threshold of that house in Gloucester Place.

"It's a case of supper here after all," I confided to myself, not altogether ill-pleased, and upon the whole somewhat pleasurably excited by the adventure.

A fellow doesn't come of an army stock, I suppose, without rather liking to put himself into a hole, just to see how he's going to get out of it.

II.

But I oughtn't to have been such a fool. The bungle had gone quite far enough, and it was like me not to have seen that it was so.

The house looked all right inside—as comfortable as could be; and I was just pulling myself together for a little more cheek when the man at the door set to and stared at me. He stared still more when her ladyship spoke.

"We can hardly expect the earl in yet, I'm afraid, Raymond," she said.

"No?" said I.

That was when the lackey stared most. The worst of it was that our eyes clashed at the same moment.

He made a step forward—I knew what was coming, of course.

"If you please, m' lady, Mr. Raymond is not with you," said the fellow.

I was starting to tell her all about it, with ten thousand apologies and so on, when a young woman put in *her* oar—her ladyship's maid, as it happened.

"I beg your pardon, my lady," said the damsel, "but have you the diamond cloak clasp?"

As she looked as if she wanted it, I

had thrown my companion's garment into her arms as soon as I saw her.

This wasn't all, either.

From the end of the corridor, on one side of the hall, a tall, old gentleman with white hair appeared and, coming quickly towards us, asked "Eugenia" if she were tired, and then looked mighty stern at me.

I bowed my serenest, though I admit I felt queerish.

"No, Ward," said her ladyship to the maid, "I haven't got the clasp."

"Then it's lost, your ladyship," exclaimed the girl.

"Perhaps *you* have it, Raymond?" was her ladyship's retort, as she turned her dim eyes towards me.

"If your lordship will be kind enough to listen to me," I said, with a cold shiver down the back (for the earl's expression was nasty), "I will try to explain how I come to be trespassing inside your lordship's house."

The earl exchanged glances with the man, and the latter shut the door.

"Be so good as to follow me," he said.

"What is the matter?" inquired Lady Eugenia, looking about her pathetically.

"I fear your ladyship has been made a victim," said that fool of a maid. "He has been personating Mr. Raymond. He is a perfect stranger."

Eugenia screamed: a musical scream.

"I do assure you—" I exclaimed.

But the earl interfered.

"I repeat, sir, that I will thank you to follow me," he said. "And you too, Carter."

"It was just a freak," I murmured, when I was among the earl's books, which had a frightfully depressing appearance.

"You, a stranger, have accompanied my daughter from the theatre; have *dared* to do so?" he inquired stormily.

"She made the mistake first," I said.

"What has that to do with it, sir?"

"I admit that I did *wrong*."

"Then there's the diamond clasp, m' lord," observed the man, in a deferential whisper. What would I not have given for the liberty to punch his

impertinent head! Anyhow, I turned on him sharply.

"Do you imply, you rascal," I demanded, "that I am a thief?"

The earl shrugged his shoulders, and his lips looked malicious.

"At any rate, I must trouble you," he said, "to turn out your pockets. Afterwards I shall be more able to understand events."

I bit my lip, and said that my pockets were entirely at the service of the menial who pleased to examine them. For my part, I would not condescend to be even an accessory to my own exoneration.

"Do so, Carter," said the earl.

We Talbots can look fierce on occasion, I've always understood. This was about the most encouraging opportunity for a little family spirit to show itself that I've ever enjoyed; and I feel sure I glared at the earl while his man approached me, with fingers to the front.

The earl met me straight. There was not much charity in his soul, I saw.

And now imagine my situation when, at the first plunge, so to speak, Carter pulled forth from my waistcoat pocket a small brooch affair sparkling with diamonds.

"Here it is, m' lord!" he said triumphantly.

The earl touched a hand-bell.

"How the mischief it came there is more than I can say!" I stammered.

"You need say nothing more," said the earl. "Your explanation is due to the magistrate. I do not want to hear it. Fetch a policeman."

These last words were to the man who answered the bell.

"Take him away Carter," this obliging earl continued, "and give him into custody."

"Yes, m' lord," said Carter.

The fellow made as if he would touch me. This roused me again.

"If you or any of your class lay a hand on me I'll knock you down without more words," I said. "You may as well know it."

The earl rang again.

That meant another man.

"But," I added, "I'll go quietly, my lord, to any police court you please. For it's absurd to suppose that Reginald Talbot, one of the Shropshire Talbots, let me inform you, is just a commonplace peddling thief. I've got myself into this mess by being civil to a lady when invited. As for the brooch, I don't know anything about it. And that's all I do know about it."

"You just come along without all this talk," said Carter.

The two fellows closed up to me. I set my shoulders back, held up my nose, and, with a parting glance at the white-haired earl, marched. As I marched, I suddenly bubbled into mirth. It was really too good, you know.

III.

There was a little snuggery for the porter by the door. They took me there; "Jeames" himself turning out into the hall, with his hands in his breeches pockets, to make way for us. He contemplated me jauntily, did "Jeames."

"You be advised, young man," said Carter to me, "and stop that larfin'."

I took a chair by the fire and laughed on, not altogether happily though. It occurred to me that Randolph and two or three other fellows might have got home. In that case I should miss a good hand at "nap."

"Look here," I said, "I've left my card case behind, but I'll write down my address and give the man a sovereign who'll take a line there."

My two keepers looked from me to "Jeames" and then at each other.

"Anything else, young man?" asked Carter derisively.

"You're Walker, London, aren't you?" inquired the other, not without a certain admiration in his face that appealed to me.

"And you're all a parcel of idiots," said I.

This caused a triple laugh. I was out of it.

"Nice specimen, ain't he?" said "Jeames."

I fumbled into my pockets to feel if anything mysterious as well as a

diamond clasp had found its way there. Only my cigarette case met my fingers. Instantly I yearned towards it.

"Do you mind if I smoke?" I asked. "Your policeman's a long time coming."

Carter said he was dashed. He looked it too, but quickly cooled down, and added:—

"I like your smartness; I really can't help liking it. I'll answer any civil, natural sort of question you ask, but you can't smoke."

"Thank you, I'm sure," said I. "Then what's your master's name, first of all?"

"Lord Loughborough."

"Lord Loughborough, is it? Then Lord Loughborough's a——" Carter exclaimed. "Hush!" "And you're another," I hastened to add.

The bell rang and the knocker knocked.

It was the policeman, a red-faced individual, looking as they always do when they think they've a nice easy thing on.

"That's him," said the man with him, pointing at me. I had moved with my guards to see what was coming.

The fellow had handcuffs ready. This fairly stirred my bile.

"I'll not have them on," I yelled. "I defy you or ten of you to put 'em on."

A couple of maidservants and another man showed in the hall. The scene interested them, I reckon. It would have interested me if I hadn't been principal character in it.

"Ketch him behind," whispered the dunderhead of a constable. But I had my back to the wall in next to no time.

"You 'ketch' me behind if you can!" I remarked.

The man who had been sent for the police made a rush at me. I shinned him badly. I also shinned the constable. He was of the puffy sort, and bound not to stand much bustling. I resolved, now that my blood was warm, to let fly at them anyhow. I could have fancied I was in a bully at the old school.

And I did let fly at them, too. They came all together, with their arms out

like waxwork figures. I just ducked and laid about me anywhere, but chiefly above the belt.

The policeman got it in the wind, and even Carter didn't come off scot free.

Never, I should think, did the Earl of Loughborough's town house behold such a shindy.

The fellows stood off after this first round, the policeman nursing his stomach and gasping (swearing, too, I'm afraid), and Carter and one of the "Jeameses" rubbing their legs.

One of the maids behind was laughing. I noticed that, and it cheered me. And now out came the earl again. What a face he had on, to be sure! Beerbohm Tree would have given a ten-pound note to see him.

"Good God!" he cried.

"The villain defies us all, m' lord!" stuttered Carter, holding his right leg stiffly.

"Yes, and he'll continue to!" said I. "I'm not going to be carried to a police cell like a lamb, I can tell you, Lord Loughborough."

You should have seen the earl fume at this. I didn't care though. I was past caring for anything.

He strode towards us. "Strode" is the very word for it.

"Open the door at once!" he bellowed.

"It'll make no difference," I retorted.

The door was opened, and the brutes came at me again. I wasn't fully prepared, and this time they pinned me sure enough. A fellow of my age (getting on for nineteen) can't do much with a grown-up man gripping each of his legs and arms.

"Now out with him!" ordered the earl.

But it wasn't to be, after all.

Almost as soon as the door was opened a young spark came up and got one foot on the steps.

"Hullo!" said he, when he saw what was going on, "what's all this about?"

It was Giffard of Mason's, by all that was merciful!

"Say, Giffard!" I cried, "don't let these fellows make such a fool of me."

I'll not forget in a hurry how well he did it too. He rammed in and parted

me from two of them. I shook off the other two by myself.

"Thanks, old man," I said, as I fell against one of the pillars of the earl's porch.

In that moment it flashed to me: Giffard was the Lady Eugenia's Raymond.

"Do you know the Earl of Loughborough?" I asked him quickly.

"Rather," said he, "I'm his nephew. Come along in and let's hear all about it."

The servants gave way in fine style now, and the constable looked an ass. We had only the earl to tackle.

Nor did his lordship waste time.

"Who is this young man, Raymond?" he inquired, frowning so that you would think his skin must cut through.

"He's at Eton, uncle," said Giffard, "and the best 'long behind' in the place."

I hate being flattered. That was why I immediately mentioned Cameron, Grant, and Bentinck, whom some fellows think safer kicks than me.

"Rot!" said Giffard.

"It isn't for me to express a decided opinion," I continued. "I last, though, better than either of them."

The earl ejaculated something that sounded extraordinarily like a rhyme to "ham." I vow he did. Both Giffard and I glanced at him reproachfully; more in sorrow than in anger, I imagine.

The servants all slunk out of sight. Only the red-faced constable was left. He look uneasy. I suppose he had heard of the Earl of Loughborough's temper, which, his nephew tells me, is notorious.

"May I," inquired Giffard blandly, "ask Talbot inside, uncle?"

The policeman touched his knobby forehead to the earl and rudely interfered with a question of his own.

"I suppose I'm not wanted any more, your lordship?" he said.

"Go, you fool!" replied the earl.

Giffard was beginning a second time, but I cut him short.

"My dear fellow," I remarked, "the Earl of Loughborough might say 'Yes,'

but I have a voice in the matter also. It's getting late. I don't feel like going inside again, many thanks."

Giffard lurched one shoulder.

"Then that settles it. I'll stroll down the street with you, if you don't mind."

"Do," said I.

I asked the earl's pardon as I crossed his threshold for a moment to pick up my hat, which had got mauled above a little; and then, with a bow and nothing more, I turned my back on that inhospitable mansion.

It was really too funny for anything to see how the Earl of Loughborough stood rigid and silent while we strolled off.

Then I told Giffard everything, and didn't he roar!

It was not altogether a laughable affair; nevertheless, I tried to snigger a little on my own account.

We stood backs against a lamp-post to see if there was anything to choose between us in height. There was nothing. My voice too is much in the same key (I believe they call it that) as Giffard's.

"Oh, yes, there's every excuse for my poor cousin Eugenia," Giffard was agreeable enough to say.

"Any for me, too?"

"None, old man; none at all. And it's a heaven's blessing for you I chanced to have spent the day in Gloucester Place. Take warning and look sharp that the next lady not of your acquaintance, whose cloak you carry, doesn't have a valuable trinket to it ready to drop into your waistcoat pocket."

After that well-turned sentence, I said good-night to Giffard, having sworn him to secrecy about the adventure.

But he went back on his oath the next day. That is why I'm at such pains to tell the story in an unvarnished form.

As I expected, when I got home, I was too late for anything. They had all gone to bed except Randolph, and he was so grumpy that I couldn't stand five minutes of him. Wanted to know why I hadn't turned up an hour or two sooner. Wish I had, that's all.

From The Contemporary Review.
MR. TUKE AND HIS WORK.

BY SYDNEY BUXTON AND HOWARD
HODGKIN.

Every thoughtful and educated man perforce takes an interest in the perennial "Irish question." Most men hold views on the subject—more or less inaccurate. Many even labor under the belief that they can suggest remedies or palliatives, political or economic. Few, indeed, there are who have been able practically to deal even with one branch of the subject, and to do something to improve the condition and the lot of a few of our Irish fellow-countrymen.

Mr. Tuke was one of these. An Englishman, a banker in a quiet country town, there seemed initially no reason why he should trouble his head about Ireland. Without political or official influence there seemed no likelihood that, even though he were a dreamer of dreams, he would be able so to act himself and so to influence others, as to be enabled to translate his dreams into realities. But Mr. Tuke possessed singular force of character; he was absolutely disinterested; he took pains to acquire practical knowledge of the question with which he desired to deal; he had the gift of being able forcibly and lucidly to express his views—and he was a member of the Society of Friends. Thus it came about that he was able largely to influence and to shape the social policy of successive governments in dealing with the poorer parts of Ireland. Indeed, it is not too much to say that, in regard to the carrying out of assisted family emigration, to the provision of "seed potatoes," to the systematic encouragement of the fishing industry, to the introduction of the system of light railways; and, finally, in regard to the creation of a permanent Board to deal systematically with the problems presented by the congested districts, Mr. Tuke's propaganda and Mr. Tuke's individual action were the moving causes.

From very early days the problem of the poverty-stricken districts of Ireland

had for him a singular interest. The deplorable conditions under which the people dwelt touched his heart, stirred his Quaker blood, and weighed upon him with a sense of deep responsibility. The idea that feasible and practical remedies might be found and applied appealed to his business instincts. He acted—and his name has become a household word in many of the most distressed districts of that distressful country.

Pending a possible memoir, we have thought that a slight sketch of a man who, with so little natural opportunity, could accomplish so much, and whose work was therefore so unique, might be of interest to those who knew him personally or by repute. And it is with the concurrence of his family that we have here attempted to give a short account of his work—especially of that part of it with which we ourselves are more personally familiar.

James Hack Tuke was born in September, 1819. The son of a York merchant, he began business in his father's office at an early age. He was educated at the Friends' school, York. In 1852 he became a partner in a banking firm in Hertfordshire, and lived the last forty-five years of his busy life in Hitchin.

In 1849 he married Miss Janson—also a Friend, who died in 1869. In 1882 he married Miss Kennedy, who from that time forth was his constant companion in his many journeys, and was indefatigable in ably and actively seconding all his exertions for the cause of the people he loved so much.

In 1846-7 the Society of Friends—always to the fore when practical philanthropic work was to be done—raised some £200,000 for the relief of the distress caused by the "Great Famine." One of the most prominent among those who undertook, during the whole of that terrible winter, the task of administering the relief fund in the poorer parts of the West was Mr. William Forster; and he was ably assisted in his arduous work by two young men—the one his son, William Edward Forster, the other James Tuke.

This was Mr. Tuke's first visit to Ireland; and the practical acquaintance which this visit, and the work it entailed, gave to him, led him, even at that time, to ponder over and to search for permanent and effectual remedies for the evils which he witnessed with so much distress of mind.

The seed was sown, but it was many years before it came to fruition. His life was a full and active one. His business was absorbing, his domestic claims considerable; numerous beneficial movements in connection with the Society of Friends made heavy calls on his leisure.¹ Time and opportunity for giving further practical attention to Irish matters did not speedily recur. Indeed, it was not until 1880—thirty-four years after his first visit to Ireland—that a second Irish "Famine," though fortunately of a far milder type, again brought him actively into the field. Thenceforward until his death Irish distress, its palliatives and its remedies, formed his over-mastering interest.

The potato crop of 1879 failed over a considerable portion of the poorer parts of the west of Ireland. Further, the demand for harvest labor in England and Scotland had been of late diminishing; the fishing industry had been gradually collapsing; the profits of the kelp industry had been rapidly dwindling. Distress was rife, and two relief funds—that of the Duchess of Marlborough, and that of the Dublin Mansion House were formed. Representatives of the Society of Friends met, but decided that, in view of the existing relief agencies, and of the conflicting statements as to the extent of the distress, they would for the moment hold their hand. However, at their instance, and warmly encouraged by W. E. Forster, shortly to become Irish secretary, Mr. Tuke undertook the necessary journey to the West in search of information. This visit, in the spring of 1880, extended over two months. To the Com-

¹In 1871 he was one of those who, immediately after the capitulation, distributed relief to the citizens of Paris—a distribution not without some personal risk under the condition of things then prevailing.

mittee of the Duchess of Marlborough's Fund—so ably administered by Lord Randolph Churchill—Mr. Tuke's knowledge and information were of much practical use, and the value of the help he was able to render was warmly acknowledged. He himself distributed some £1200, privately subscribed for the relief of distress.

But the value of his visit lay not so much in the relief he was able to accord to the immediate sufferers, as in the light it threw on the difficult and complex problem of which he desired to discover the solution, the insight which it gave him into the conditions under which the people dwelt, and the vivid picture which he was able to draw of the life of an Irish peasant in the congested districts.

His diagnosis of the disease known as "Irish distress," together with an account of his visit to Donegal and Connaught, was published on his return. This pamphlet, "Irish Distress and its Remedies,"² attracted very considerable attention, was looked upon as an authoritative statement of the economic position, and helped much to form and to crystallize public opinion.

In the carefully weighed conclusions to which Mr. Tuke then came we see the foundations of his subsequent policy and actions, and we note the germ of the various proposals which eventually took shape and substance. Apart from the specific remedies proposed for the congested districts, the chapter dealing with the political and social conditions of Connaught was a plea for fixity of tenure and the three F's; and, by anticipation, a defence of the Land Bill which was brought forward by his friend Mr. Forster, now chief secretary, twelve months later. The principles of land purchase and peasant proprietorship on an extended scale were, moreover, advocated. But Mr. Tuke's "clients," if we may use the term, were not those who were likely to gain much from land legislation, however great might be the need for it in other parts of Ireland. It was the smaller class of tenants, who were little

² Messrs. Ridgway, London.

more than laborers living on the land, and laborers without employment, with whose condition he was chiefly concerned. Of these he wrote:—

It is of the utmost importance to realize the fact that farms under ten, fifteen, or twenty acres of land, according to its quality, are too small to support a family. It matters not whether a man has fixity of tenure or, being a peasant proprietor, has no rent to pay, he cannot, unless he has some other source of income, live and bring up a family on the small farms under ten or fifteen acres of land, which form so large a proportion of the holdings in the west of Ireland.

And he called attention to the fact that, of the one hundred and twenty-six thousand holdings in Connaught in 1878, no less than seventy thousand were under fifteen acres.

He was deeply impressed with the fact that the normal social and economic condition of these people was such—their holdings so small, the soil so poor—that the bulk of them were always poverty-stricken, and that it only required a bad harvest, a diminished demand for harvest labor in Great Britain, or some other abnormal cause, to turn poverty into distress, distress into semi-starvation. There was too great a population for the work available, and too little work for the population.

What, then, could be done “to prevent, not merely the ever-recurring periods of distress arising from failure of crops, but to raise and ameliorate the permanently miserable and disorganized condition of the people?” To him the most obvious, the most immediately effective, and the most feasible remedy—though a sad necessity—was emigration—family emigration. Such emigration would have the double advantage of not only benefiting those who went, but of improving the condition of those who remained, by relieving the pressure in the labor market, by lightening the rates, by enlarging the holdings. Such family emigration, he fully appreciated, would require most careful supervision on this side in the selection and transport; supervision which “should not end in Ireland, but

should be continued under the charge of properly qualified agents in Canada and elsewhere, whose object it should be to give assistance in the selection of land and in obtaining employment.” Thus the objection so validly raised by the Irish clergy and others to emigration—namely, that the raw Irish emigrant simply drifted into the large towns, and men and women rapidly sank lower and lower in the social scale, would be obviated. Thus, also, would be obviated the objection so validly raised by politicians and economists, that the drain of Irish emigration simply took the “bone and sinew,” and left behind the young, the old, the weak, and the decrepid.

But, while pointing to a system of family emigration as the most practical and readily available remedy, he wanted more than that. “Perhaps,” he wrote, “apart from the wretched condition of the people and their dwellings in the west of Ireland, the fact that most impresses itself on the mind of the traveller is that nothing is made the best of; that the resources of the country are never really developed; muscle, energy, land, water, natural resources, beauty of scenery, all are more or less wasted for want of a wise and right direction and the use of capital and skill.” He advocated then, as he advocated in more detail and with fuller knowledge later, that the “fostering hand of government might with manifest advantage be given in aiding the carrying out of light (cheap) railways in the poorest districts of the West, so as to bring the produce within easier reach of a market.” The fishing industry should be encouraged and regulated. While unable to support “emigration,” on the grounds of expense and impracticability, he advocated the addition to the small holdings of mountainous and bog land where available—a plan since successfully carried into effect by the Congested Districts Board.

He was himself convinced of the practicability of his suggestions, and was sanguine enough to believe that if properly and persistently applied, they would work marvels. “Amidst the gen-

eral gloom," he ends his pamphlet, "and acknowledged difficulties which surround the Irish question, may not the facts that the numbers to be dealt with are so comparatively small, and that in looking back for a quarter of a century we may discern a marked improvement even in the west of Ireland, be some encouragement to those who may be called on to attempt its solution?"

Leaving no stone unturned in order to accomplish the object he had in view, Mr. Tuke followed up his suggestions of the summer of 1880 by a visit in the autumn to the United States and Canada, in order to ascertain what prospects Irish emigrants would have on arrival, and what share the Canadian government would take in facilitating the settlement of Irish families on the free grants of land. The results of this journey were embodied in an article, in which, as a means of carrying out a scheme of State-aided emigration and colonization, he recommended that the imperial government should appoint a body of unpaid commissioners—a scheme which may be said to have been eventually realized in the Congested Districts board. With the view of facilitating such colonization by means of loans to the colonial governments or to public bodies or associations, a clause (32) was inserted in the Irish Land Bill of 1881. It was soon found, however, that this clause alone would effect but little, and Mr. Tuke, with others interested in the movement—Lord Emly, Sir William Gregory, and Mr. Arthur Kavanagh—set to work to form an "Emigrants' Aid Association," in the hope of rendering practically effective the provision thus made for emigration. But it was not under that act that assisted emigration was to be brought about.

In 1881 Mr. Tuke twice re-visited Ireland; and a further visit in February of the following year additionally strengthened his belief in the urgent and paramount need of some definite and extended system of family emigration. He embodied his mature views on the subject in a further magazine arti-

cle, which, like everything he wrote, attracted much attention.

Mr. Tuke's persistence and foresight were to be rewarded more rapidly than he could have dared to hope. About this time, while calling public attention to the matter, he also urged upon a few friends—among them Mr. Forster, Mr. Rathbone, and Mr. Whitbread—that, pending any possible government assistance, voluntary aid should be evoked, in order, by family emigration, to relieve the condition of the congested districts. Contrary to the fate of most enthusiasts—who so seldom combine business instincts and lucidity of exposition with philanthropic ideas—his views were not only received with polite attention, but were at once seen to be of a practical and feasible character; while it was obvious that he himself was eminently fitted to carry out the scheme in question.

Thanks to the heartiness of these friends and others, and to the zeal of Mr. Tuke himself, a meeting was called at the then Duke of Bedford's house on March 31, 1882. At this meeting, after a detailed statement from Mr. Tuke, it was unanimously agreed that an executive committee should be formed and a fund raised to promote family emigration from the congested districts of Ireland.¹

As a practical proof of the earnestness of those present, and of their belief in the ability of Mr. Tuke to carry out his own desires and their intention, a sum of no less than £8,000 was then and there subscribed. Further, the Executive Committee—which met with unusual promptitude that very afternoon at the House of Commons—having laid down certain general rules of action,

¹ The Duke of Bedford was president of the General Committee, and the following formed the members of the Executive Committee: W. H. Smith, M.P. (chairman); Samuel Whitbread, M.P. (deputy-chairman); Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton; Hon. Henry Cowper, M.P.; H. S. Northcote, M.P.; Arthur Pease, M.P.; William Rathbone, M.P.; the Marquis of Tavistock, M.P.; J. H. Tuke, and (after his resignation of the Irish secretaryship) W. E. Forster, M.P. J. Gurney Barclay and Arnold Morley, M.P., were the hon. treasurers. The hon. secretaries were Sydney Buxton and Howard Hodgkin.

entrusted the entire control of the work to Mr. Tuke, and decided that the fund should be called after his name. Thus, almost as if by magic, Mr. Tuke was placed in a position to carry out with a free hand, the project which he had so much at heart.

But this was, after all, but the minor part of the undertaking. It is one thing to get the support of an influential committee, to have funds placed at one's disposal; and another, more arduous and responsible task, successfully to carry through the consequent operations. Mr. Tuke himself felt the responsibility heavily. "A feeling akin to dread," he wrote, after the meeting of the committee, had come over him; "a feeling engendered by the magnitude of the task naturally sobers my rejoicing." But, though sobered, he acted with characteristic promptitude. It was necessary, if anything were to be done that year, that it should be done at once. The inaugural meeting, and the first meeting of the Executive Committee, had been held on March 31. On April 4 Mr. Tuke left for Ireland. On April 28 the first batch of emigrants, to the number of two hundred and one, sailed from Galway Bay; on May 5, three hundred and forty-five, and on May 19, four hundred and thirty-two further assisted emigrants left Ireland for Canada and the States. Thus, in less than six weeks from the formation of the fund, he had selected and shipped a thousand souls, and started them on their new and more prosperous career.

Nor, in spite of this rapidity of action, was anything left undone to ensure the success of the shipments and the care of the emigrants on arrival. And it was truly a considerable task. There was no precedent for guidance—assisted family emigration, as distinct from individual emigration, was a new departure, and involved infinitely more care and organization, both on this side and on the other side of the water, than the ordinary Irish emigration of individuals and adults. The success and promptitude with which this first year's work was effected were due to Mr. Tuke's wonderful power of organization, to the

zeal with which he inspired all those who worked with him, and to his warm-hearted desire to bring succor to the poor people whose miseries he felt so keenly.

The result of the first year's operations was the emigration from Galway county, chiefly from Clifden and its neighborhood, of twelve thousand persons in families, at a cost of about £6 12s. a head. The experience gained from the experiment confirmed the conviction of the necessity as well as the possibility of a carefully devised scheme of assisted family emigration, which should benefit alike the people assisted and the districts from which the emigrants would be taken.

Mr. Tuke, therefore, soon after his return from Ireland, wrote an article describing the work already undertaken, and made an earnest and urgent appeal to public opinion to support a scheme of State-aided family emigration from the congested districts of Ireland. The committee drew up a well-considered memorial to the government on the subject, signed by every member of the Executive Committee, followed by a deputation to the chief secretary, Sir George Trevelyan.

In the memorial the committee urged strongly that Parliament should be asked for a grant of money for the purpose of assisting family emigration; and engaged, on behalf of themselves and Mr. Tuke, that they would give every assistance in their power to ensure that the emigration was properly carried out.

Thereupon provisions were inserted in the Arrears of Rent (Ireland) Bill, then before the House, authorizing the grant from public moneys of a sum of £100,000 for emigration purposes. Thus was quickly realized, and more than realized, one of Mr. Tuke's earliest formulated demands, to the effect, that the State should lend £100,000 without interest—if, indeed, a free grant were not possible—for emigration purposes.

After detailed negotiations with the Irish government, it was agreed that the committee of "Mr. Tuke's Fund"

should be made solely responsible for the emigration from the distressed areas in the Unions of Clifden and Oughterard, co. Galway, and of Belmullet and Newport (including Achill Island) in co. Mayo. For each person emigrated they were to receive a capitation grant of £5, they themselves meeting the additional cost involved, and undertaking all the work of selection, transport, and location on "the other side." The districts thus handed over to the committee comprised a population of some forty-six thousand souls. They were the districts which, among others, Mr. Tuke had visited in 1880 and subsequently; and the part of Ireland in which he took a special interest, and of which he had made a special study. With a view to a better appreciation and knowledge of the situation on this side of the water, Mr. Tuke and one of the honorary secretaries (Mr. Buxton) travelled at different times, in the autumn of that year, over the whole ground; while, at the same time, the other honorary secretary (Mr. Hodgkin), in company with Father Nugent, went a trip to Canada and the States to look up some of the emigrants sent that spring, to endeavor to appreciate the prospects of work and wages for those about to be sent, and to make adequate preparations for their reception; and the following year Mr. Hodgkin, accompanied by Major Rutledge Fair, paid a second visit to Canada and the States.

The total number of emigrants sent in the following spring (1883) was fifty-three hundred and eighty. The committee, well satisfied with the great success that had so far attended their operations, and feeling that there was still a demand and need for family emigration from the districts under their charge, presented, in July of the same year, another memorial to the government, earnestly pressing upon them the absolute necessity of providing further funds for emigration purposes. As a result of the memorial a second sum of £50,000—the £100,000 previously granted being exhausted—was voted by a clause in the Tramways

(Ireland) Bill of 1883.¹ To the districts under the charge of the committee was thereupon added Swinford, co. Mayo, from which, however, it was not found practicable to emigrate many persons. In this third year of their operations (1884) the committee emigrated twenty-eight hundred and two persons.

The total of persons who were emigrated with the assistance of the committee in the years 1882-4 numbered ninety-five hundred. The total expenditure, including all incidentals, amounted to £70,000, provided as follows: government grants, £44,500; subscriptions, £20,000; balance of Duchess of Marlborough's Fund, £3,600; the emigrants and their friends, £1,400. The average cost per head was £7 6s.

The principles of action laid down by the committee, and adhered to throughout the three years of their operations, were these: That the persons sent should be those really dependent on the soil; that the emigration should be "family," and distinct from "individual" emigration, and that the whole family should be sent; that efforts should be made to arrange, as far as possible, that the vacated holdings should be consolidated with neighboring holdings; that most careful arrangements should be made, not only for selection—so that unsuitable families should not be sent—but for all the details of clothing, transport, and shipment; that each family should be booked through to their destination, should receive a sum for landing money on arrival at the port—varying according to the size of the family and their destination—and should be supplied with proper clothing and outfit. Above all, the emigration was to be absolutely voluntary; no pressure of any sort was to be put on the people to go.¹ Replying

¹ Under the Tramways Act of 1883 a sum of eight pounds instead of five pounds could be given under certain conditions.

² "To us," wrote an eye-witness at that time, "who were besieged when we went out, and overwhelmed with written memorials—addressed, when we had shown ourselves obdurate, 'To the honorable lady with feeling'—it seemed perfectly ludicrous to learn, as we did from certain newspapers, that we were dragging the people from

to the objection so frequently urged, that the people had no desire to emigrate, Mr. Tuke had written, in the early spring of 1882: "I wish that one of these objectors would take a well-found ship into Galway or Westport Bay, offering free passages to all families who might wish to leave. The result would, I think, convince him of his error." His prophecy was, as usual, speedily fulfilled.

Initially it had been hoped that some part of the cost of emigration would be forthcoming from local sources and from the emigrants themselves; but it was found that the local and personal poverty was so great that practically but little was available from these sources.

The dry totals we have quoted represent a mass of suffering humanity. But their mere recapitulation gives no real idea of the immense amount of forethought, personal supervision, administrative work, and responsibility entailed; nor the anxiety and strain involved on Mr. Tuke and his coadjutors in successfully carrying out the work.

Detailed arrangements had to be made with the Irish government; forms of various sorts had to be prepared; the districts had to be carefully mapped out; minute arrangements had to be made with the shipping companies to send their ships at stated intervals into Galway, Westport, and Blacksod Bays, into which last magnificent roadstead no ocean-going steamer had ever previously penetrated. Clothing and ship-kit for each family had to be chosen and provided; through railway tickets to their destination in Canada or the States bespoke, and vouchers provided in each case for the money they were to receive on landing and arrival. Then

their homes and forcing them to emigrate. The anxiety to leave amounted almost to a mania, more especially after 'their honors' came down, and it was seen that the emigration was a reality, that it was not pressed upon them, and that every care and consideration—incompatible with a mere government scheme 'to get rid of them'—was taken for those who were emigrating."—"The New Exodus," by Sydney Buxton, in the *Fortnightly Review*, June, 1883.

came the arduous, delicate, and responsible task of selecting the families who had applied to be emigrated, and arranging as to the destinations, involving a personal interview with at least the head of each family. Selected, the emigrants had to be divided into batches for the various shipments, the clothing distributed, etc. Then, on the day or night previous to the embarkation, men, women, and children had to be conveyed from their distant and scattered homes, often as much as fifty or sixty miles, from remote hamlet and out-of-the-way corner, by cart or car-railways then there were none—and lodged in the town. The embarkation, itself a novelty with this "family" emigration, was no easy matter, often involving, as it did, the transport in open boats of hundreds of men, women, and children from the shore to the gunboat, and from the gunboat to the liner lying two or three miles out. Thanks, however, to a combination of good luck and good management, no hitch and no accident occurred in the case of any one of our ten thousand emigrants.

One day of selection was very like another; one embarkation repeated itself elsewhere, whether in Galway or Blacksod Bay. The following vivid description¹ may be therefore given as showing the way in which the work was carried out—work which had its humorous as well as pathetic side:—

February 16, 1883. Co. Mayo.

We parted from the Tukes, amid mutual expressions of esteem and regard, this morning—they going south to Clifden, and we coming on here with Mr. Richards. We began work at Mulranny. The applicants came in one by one; Syd talked to them, and I made out their tickets and entered them on a list, as each family was disposed of, putting down the names, ages, and number on the register. This is the style of things that happens: Enter Pat Murphy, and, preliminaries being disposed of, Syd asks, "Where do you wish to go to?" Pat: "To Cleveland, yer honor." It is ascertained that Pat has no friends in Cleveland, and merely mentions it be-

¹ Extracts from the diary of the late Mrs. Sydney Buxton.

cause he has heard the name. Then he is told, "You can't go to Cleveland. Will you go to Canada?" *Pat*: "Yer honor?" *Syd*: "Will you go to Canada, or stay at home?" *Pat*: "To Cleveland." But, finally, Pat is convinced that he will have more chance of getting work and wages in Canada. I make out his ticket and enter him on the list while the next applicant is being ushered in. It is quite difficult sometimes to keep pace with them, as they all have such "long" families to enter and count up; but my scribbling is very little trouble compared with what Sydney has to go through in the way of yelling at the people. I often wonder how he manages to keep patience, and to bear in mind that each applicant is a separate individual human being. They are all deaf, they all say exactly the same things, and they all seem to imagine that they've not had fair does unless they get a lengthy conversation with "the Dublin man," as they call Syd. One old man to-day, on being told that he could not be sent to the States, as he had no friends there, wanted to know whether he might go to Canada without his wife, as she would never go there. Syd explained to him that we could not send the bread-winners of a family, leaving others to be dependent on the rates, and the poor old man cast up his hands, crying out, "Och thin! I'm bet! I'm don! She'll stack, and we'll starve." At last I wrote down for him on a piece of paper, "If Anthony McNulty will go to Canada with his wife and family, he can be sent free. But he cannot be sent free to the States," and old Tony departed in high glee, saying, "If I've writin' to show her, she'll be bet."

Generally, when a few families make up their minds to go from any district others follow suit, but there is always a great deal of chopping and changing going on among the crowd. To-day, when we thought we were about getting through the list, the Relieving Officer (who acts as master of the ceremonies) put his head outside the door and shouted for "Parties as has changed their minds"—whereupon there was a general rush of applicants, and the work began all over again. Sydney goes through it all with the patience and fortitude of an angel; but, as he truly says, I always wish the emigrants were going to a worse place than Canada, when they come back and want

their tickets altered—taking up time, untidying my lists. On an average we spend about a quarter of an hour in deciding the fate of every family—which does not seem long when one comes to consider the question.

*Tuesday, 30th February, 1883.
Dugort, Achill Island.*

After tea we interviewed emigrants. Some of the letters from friends in the States, which they bring us to read, are very touching, and the descriptions of the delights of the new country most vivid. "This is a place where one has Christmas times every day," one man said. They all begin in a most formal manner, as "From John Carton to his wife Mary Carton. Dear Mrs. Carton, I hope this finds you in health as it leaves me"—and then they go on to ask, "How is so-and-so and family, and so-and-so and family?" etc. The style hardly ever varies, though the spelling frequently does. "Take the wrought as soon as ye can," is a favorite expression. I asked one man to-day how he spelt his name, as he was not on the Union list, and I had to "take him down." He said, with an air of making a great concession, "I'd be willin' to lave the spellin' to you." We never send any one to the States who cannot produce a good letter from some near (male) relation promising a welcome and help in finding work.

Sydney, Captain Fair and I drove from Mulranny to Belmullet, fifty-six English miles. It was a lovely day, and we had great fun. We stayed a week at Belmullet, interviewing emigrants all day long, and working our heads off, but having on the whole a very jovial time. One of our difficulties was, that at Belmullet the people had taken it into their heads that it would be a good plan to excite sympathy by putting their families as very "weak," so the number of infants in arms that appeared on the Union lists was extraordinary. But when it was discovered that very weak families could not be sent, and when a few applicants had been rejected on that account, they would calmly come back and give all the ages differently. So, finally, we had to have the children in and put ages to them for ourselves. Thus, enter little girl, aged five, according to the register. *Syd*: "How old are you?" *Little Girl*: "Nineteen, yer honor." *Syd*: "You are twelve

years old. Next child!" In vain did we deliver to the parents short but impressive homilies on the wickedness and folly of trying to mislead us, in vain did Mr. Richards fiercely stroke his beard, and in his most terrible voice inquire why they went telling such gollagues—the parents always smiled benignly upon us, and the more we scolded the more did they invoke the blessings of heaven upon our sweet faces.

Then follows later on a description of the first embarkation from Blacksod Bay—the first ever undertaken from there:—

March 30, 1883.—We had a miserable time of it before the embarkation. Yesterday there was a regular gale of wind (after all our care and all our hopes!), and it seemed useless to think of embarking emigrants next day. We drove out to our pier at Barnagh in the afternoon to see how things looked. It was an awful drive, cold, wet, and wretched, and we got no comfort from anything we saw and heard there. . . . In the evening, after getting back to Belmullet, we had a melancholy little dinner-party of five. No one thought or spoke of anything except the weather. Would the wind change? Could there be time for the waves to go down if it did change? We went to bed, still almost hopeless; but at 12.30 at the turn of the tide, the wind did change, and when we got up, soon after 4 A.M., it was quite calm, though raining hard. As soon as the day broke, Sydney, Captain Fair, and I started to drive down to Barnagh, and a delicious drive we had. We were all three in the highest spirits. The rain had stopped, and just as we got in the sun rose gloriously over the high tops of the hills. We found that our pier and the little "shelter" had been swept away by the waves and the wind; but Mr. Richards had been up all night, working "like a black" to repair damages, and by 7.30 (when the first emigrant, John Phillips, appeared) we were all ready to begin work. Syd and Captain Fair stood on the pier, passing the families into the boats, seeing that the right number went on board, yelling out directions to every one and keeping the whole thing going. I wandered about the shore, sometimes collecting a family ready to be passed on to the boats; sometimes charging the mot-

so as to prevent them from crowding on to the pier; sometimes tearing a distracted emigrant out of the arms of his or her sorrowing relatives. Ouremigrants themselves were very cheerful. Such a noise as they and their friends made, what with crying and kissing, and shouting farewell messages. . . . And then, every now and then, some of them would rush into the sea after a departing boat load or an emigrant would jump out of a boat and run amok among his friends; kissing them (men and women) all round, until recaptured and put on board again. It was what newspapers call an "animated scene;" and perhaps it was as well that one had no time at the moment to think over its very solemn side. In an hour and forty minutes all the two hundred and sixty-seven Belmullet people were on board, and Captain Needham had kindly taken the Orwell (which happened "accidentally" to be present) down to the Bull's Mouth to fetch the Achill contingent—thirty-three in all. We followed the last boatload from Barnagh on to the gunboat, the Seahorse, where the emigrants had a good meal, cheerful and grateful, and then we steamed out to the Nestorian, and went on board the big ship to inspect the emigrants' quarters. These were clean, and what I suppose one ought to call comfortable, all things considered.

This may be supplemented by the following characteristic letter from Mr. Tuke:—

BELMULLET, Friday (May, 1883).

DEAR MR. BUXTON,—

You may like to have a line from this place to-day, as Captain Fair will not be able to write before the post leaves. Yesterday was passed as all days before the sailing of the ship are spent, in an infinite variety of interviews, "doings and undoings"—emigrants who wished not to—others who at the last moment wished "to lave by the next ship;" husbands who wished to leave the "wake" family "behind;" wives who wanted to go without the husband, who declared he would not go: "couldn't make up his mind, and why, because he was entirely wake and wanted to be abed for a fortnight," had vowed to "perform a station" before he left home, "had some earnings owing to him which he would lose," and many other possible or impossible reasons for not going as the

wife and family wished him to do. Then a long scene between a virago country shopkeeper and dolt of a husband, who sat dumb whilst his wife harangued and abused Fair because he would not stop Mrs. Somebody who owed her £6, and had sold any amount of stock. The defendant, an old Irish speaking woman, voluble, and denying all charges while her daughter-in-law with pale, rather nice face stood between them—*and dismissal* of parties—neither satisfied, and shopkeeper and company not triumphant but abusive.

In the midst of it who should walk in but —, who had the benefit of the scene and others which followed whilst dinner was being served and after. Then at dinner Mr. —, filled cram full of impossible schemes for the regeneration of Ireland by migration, had the most indisputable authority—"highest head authority"—for saying that millions of acres of land could be reclaimed at £1 per acre, and handed over to tenants in twenty or more acres, who, with £25 to build a house—tenant's output to be employed at 1s. and 1s. 6d. a day, and send earnings home to families—they would then work out the whole at a minimum of expense. (Perhaps I might add and a maximum of nastiness.) Had already surveyed thousands of acres suitable for the project on authority of highest agents in Ireland! "Have you ever thought what it would cost to fence in your twenty-acre lots which you say you can reclaim at £1 the acre?" interjected Fair. "No, I have not," replied Ireland's regenerator; "that surely is a very small sum when they are made of sods—plenty of sods." "Yes; but then the labor?" "It would cost you exactly 1s. 6d. a perch. I have proved it, and my father's books will show it." "The fences would cost alone £100, and the house £25. My good sir, it is impossible." "Well, let me take a note of this" (note-book in hand), replied the savant. "I am assured by the highest authority that it can be done as I say. Then, with superior supervision and education, and priest's guidance, all will be—" How can sensible men be so insane as to send out a man so foolish and easily misled.

And now for this morning. All yesterday our anxieties were quickened by a high wind and rain all night; at three, however, Captain Fair—what a splendid

fellow he is—was at work routing out the people, and soon after six was himself off to Elly Bay, where the embarkation took place. Here I followed with the learned professor. How picturesque the grouping of the people on the beach amidst the huge red and brown chests, the final hugs and embraces, and the trim man-of-war and coastguard boats coming backwards and forwards from the gunboat—no sign of steamer then. Captain Fair arranging all, with Nolan and Richards to assist, and the four men appointed to the work. It was raining all the time, but it did not damp the good temper and liveliness of the people, who showed no signs of grief. Then, when all were safely put in the boats, Fair and others left for the gunboat; for myself, only to shake hands with Captain Sutton and thank him for his kind attention to the people. As the day was so wet and dull, no object seemed gained by going further.

Now I must stop; hope to reach town on Tuesday. With kindest regards to Mrs. Buxton.

Yours very truly,

J. H. T.

So much for the work on this side the water. But, above all, most careful arrangements had to be, and were, made in Canada and the States for the reception of the emigrants; and in this matter Mr. Tuke and the committee received much most valuable and disinterested aid from the bishops, clergy, and members of the Romish Church, to which the emigrants with hardly an exception belonged.

The general demand was for emigration to the States, for Canada was to most of the people an unknown and ignorantly dreaded country. The committee, on the other hand, being able to place them there, desired to send the emigrants rather to Canada than to the States. Thus the essential and necessary rule was laid down that, except in cases where the emigrants were going direct to the committee's correspondents, no family could be sent to the States unless they received and produced (including the envelope!) a letter from some very near relative, not only en-

couraging them to come, but promising to look after them on arrival, and to put them in the way of work. Further, we avoided as far as possible sending the emigrants to the large towns, and endeavored to scatter them and send them as far west as possible.

The best proof that the care taken, both in selecting and locating, was well expended, is shown from the fact that but a very small percentage of the emigrants have returned—the return in nearly every case being due to sickness—and that, when they have returned, they have come back better off than when they left! Then, again, the letters¹ written home by the emigrants to their friends tell an almost universal tale of content general well-being, and thankfulness.

¹ The following characteristic extracts may be given. They are representatives of many hundreds of letters that have been shown us from time to time:—

“Wheeling, U.S.A., March 16, 1884.

“My dear Friend Mr.—,

“If you have any desire of coming, come like a man and don’t be needing councils or encouragements from people here. You won’t be worse off while you are here, anyhow. You will be in the midst of luxury and a beautiful continent in the lands of freedom, spending a pleasant summer as a guest among your friends, and, again, after you get to be citizen we will all do all we can to appoint you as city surgeon, sheriff of this county, or stump speaker among your Irish friends; and is that not a great privilege in this dear land of the free?

“Tell Mr. Buxton send for me and I will go back to Ireland and give him a correct idea of this country and point out the men who can’t and can get along here. I am getting along myself right good, and I will never dispraise my country, but add to its reputation as much as I can possibly. It is nice to gaze on the sunshine leaves of our American woody hills and sweet to rove on a pleasant evening, when the still winds are no more heard, when everybody meets with a smiling, happy countenance, where there is no complaint of miserableness, where every man can run his hand down his pocket and play with those pretty coins called dollars. Come and see them and be satisfied, and sure you will be owner of some at a glance.

“Your most affectionate friend—,”

From another letter:—

“If you give me a present of a house and farm in Tip, I would not go back to it. I have only ten hours a day to work here; when it is done, I can go walk through the city. I could not describe it to you, it’s more like a paradise; the very smell of the trees growing all along the footpaths here

These were the satisfactory results to those who went; but Mr. Tuke was able, with justice, to claim that the condition of those remaining behind, of the districts in question, was materially improved by his methods of family emigration—the way in which it was administered, and the extent to which it was carried out in certain definite districts. There was, in the first place, a material relief to the congestion of population. In the portion of the Clifden Union worked by the committee, for instance, out of a population of fourteen thousand, no less than thirteen hundred and thirty or twenty-two per cent. were emigrated. From Belmullet district, also, over twenty per cent. of the population were assisted to leave. Further, while of the ordinary unassisted emigration from Connaught, no less than about seventy-eight per cent. of the emigrants are young persons between the ages of fifteen to thirty-five, chiefly unmarried, but thirty-two per cent. of Mr. Tuke’s emigrants were between these ages; a striking proof that he was not sending away the “bone and sinew,” and leaving the weak and helpless behind. Again, under the system of “family” emigration the little holding was entirely cleared, and to a large extent became consolidated with neighboring holdings, increasing the size and the capacity of the holdings to sustain a family. To these advantages should be added the amount of money sent home by the emigrants, which, after very careful inquiries, Mr. Tuke estimated at £4,000 to £5,000 in the years 1882-3.

Thus, in every way—lesser population, larger holdings, better receipts, lessened

would do you good. . . . The last letter I wrote you, I did not like it. The boy that wrote it did not put in half what I wanted to say, but this one will satisfy you better. . . .”

And another, from a girl to her sister:—

“Hurry up and get big and strong for the Atlantic. You are as big and as stout as I am, and its far better than carrying the cleive (turf) from Crumpaun-a-traw to Gruchaun-a-laughts. So father can sit down by the fireside then, and let the rough day pass him and us earning lots of money for him in this country, where there is plenty of it. I am getting my health first-rate and very glad to get to this country.”

pressure on the rates—those who remained behind benefited simultaneously with those who went.¹

Thus was three years' emigration work completed—the first year tentatively, the second with full fruition, the third with, naturally, a somewhat lessening demand for emigration.

The spring emigration of 1884 ended the work of the committee of Mr. Tuke's fund as such—though from time to time special cases were taken in hand. The cessation of the work of the fund brought with it one advantage: it set Mr. Tuke free to devote himself in other ways for the permanent good of the western districts of Ireland, and to endeavor to develop some of the other remedies which he had foreshadowed in 1880.²

The next opportunity which offered for action in this direction was in the early spring of 1886. Owing to very exceptional and local storms which in the previous autumn had swept the west coast of Ireland, the potato crop in certain well-defined districts had been entirely destroyed. The government of the day came to the relief of

the districts by the grant of public money to be expended on relief works. At the same time, both the out-going Conservative and the in-going Liberal governments appealed to Mr. Tuke, and urged him to raise a small fund privately, in order to purchase seed potatoes, and thus arrest the dreaded famine. "With the generosity which we might expect of him," as Mr. Morley stated in the House, Mr. Tuke took the matter up with his usual promptitude and energy. The work, at first confined to the Island of Achill, was subsequently extended to the mainland, and the large sum of £5,200, privately raised by Mr. Tuke, was expended on the provision of some fifteen hundred tons of seed potatoes, etc.³ The work involved was in some ways even more trying and exhausting than the emigration work. Carried out by Mr. Tuke in his ever-efficient and painstaking way, the result has been singularly satisfactory. Indeed, severe as was the ordeal to the poor people during those few months of privation and anxiety, the storms of the autumn of 1895 may almost be said to have been to them a blessing in disguise. The most gratifying reports poured in to Mr. Tuke from all parts of the assisted districts, telling him of the wonderful growth of the "champions," and the great contrast between the fields sown with them and those sown with the worn-out native seed. The gain to the whole district from this importation of new seed was incalculable and lasting.

Brought thus by this visit again face to face with the chronic poverty of the West, Mr. Tuke was led to formulate, with somewhat greater precision than before, the other schemes which he had already more than once foreshadowed. In his "Suggestions for the Improvement of the Congested Districts of Ireland"⁴ he asserted that "the time for inquiry and speculation is past; the necessity for action is acknowledged, and the question now is, what shall

¹ In a letter dated July, 1890, a well-informed correspondent writes to Mr. Buxton in regard to one of the districts:—

"In reply to your letter of 4th inst. I beg to say that the holdings of almost all our emigrants have been taken up by adjoining tenants. In the majority of cases only one of the vacated holdings was taken by each, but I have known some cases where two and three holdings were taken up by the same person. This was at —, where the very poorest of our emigrants went from. It is now one of the most flourishing villages in the district. Of the thirty-two families who lived there, twelve only are left, and all are fairly comfortable; in fact well off, when compared to former days."

² It may be mentioned that, at a meeting of the committee of Mr. Tuke's Fund in Feb., 1886, at which certain other gentlemen were invited to be present, it was resolved at Mr. Tuke's instance, "That it is desirable the Colonial Office should collect and distribute reliable information as to the demand for labor, and rates of wages, at the different colonies, and such other information as might be useful to emigrants." The effect of this resolution was largely instrumental in promoting the formation of the "Emigrants' Information Office." It was created in Oct., 1886, is under the direction of the Colonial Office, and is managed by a voluntary committee, of which Mr. Tuke was one of the original members.

³ It may be mentioned that the total working expenses of this fund of fifty-two hundred pounds amounted to only forty-two pounds.

⁴ Messrs. Ridgway, London.

that action be?" He suggested the answer, and there, and subsequently in some letters to the *Times* in 1889, he recapitulated, and in some cases more definitely insisted on his previous suggestions: (a) The establishment of a Fishery Commission for the purpose, in the first place, of instituting a scientific inquiry all along the west coast as to the presence of fish in fairly large quantities within a reasonable distance from land; and, secondly, if these inquiries should prove successful, of training fishermen, providing boats and gear, and establishing a fishing industry on a considerable scale, including the necessary provision of rapid transport, and of a market for the fish.¹ (b) The construction of light railways, in order to bring the west coast into easy reach of the main lines of railway. (c) The establishment on a permanent basis of some Board that could and would deal with emigration, and with such questions as forestry and planting, provision for the sale of seed potatoes, etc.

Mr. Tuke's earnest and persistent appeals for practical and permanent assistance to the congested districts, like his appeals for State aided family emigration, bore fruit. And when, at length, his further desires were realized, it was to an extent even in excess of his expectations.

The first further instalment came in 1889, in the form of the Government Bill for the promotion of light railways, which has admittedly been most successful in its results. The bill was warmly supported by Mr. Tuke; and his advice was sought in deciding upon the lines and routes that should be undertaken. Two years later came the fulfilment of Mr. Tuke's most cherished plans. In the Irish Land Bill of 1891, introduced by Mr. Balfour, were included clauses which virtually formed a separate bill in themselves, and which

dealt exclusively with the so-called "congested districts." These districts were placed by the act under the care of a Board, practically permanent in character, well provided with funds and possessing extended powers. The chief secretary, a member of the Land Commission, and five honorary members, appointed by the crown (together with some temporary members), formed the Board. The bill became law in August, 1891, and the first person to be asked to serve as one of the honorary members was naturally Mr. Tuke. He was then seventy-two, and his incessant labors and exhausting work had told on his frame, so that living as he did on the other side of England, and membership involving, as it would, monthly visits of ten days at a time to Dublin, and occasional journeyings to the West, it is not to be wondered at that he shrank from accepting the offer. But, being pressed to undertake the duty, he felt it was one which he could not decline, and for three years—that is as long as his health lasted—he was an active, energetic, and most valuable and valued member of the Board.²

Thus, at length, were his pleadings successful, his expectations fulfilled. Though it was too much to hope that the newly created Board could, or would, forthwith carry out all his proposals, they were endowed with the necessary power. Light railways were already provided for under the Act of 1889; and the Congested Districts Board—with the status of a Government Department, but without its staid, bureaucratic tendencies—had the power, and the assured means, of controlling and encouraging emigration, of developing the fishing and other industries, of carrying out public

² Shortly after Mr. Tuke's death the Board unanimously passed the following resolution: "That we wish to place on record our deep sense of the irreparable loss that this Board and the congested districts of Ireland have sustained in the death of our respected colleague, James Hack Tuke: that we recognize that our efforts are but a continuation and extension of work with which he was identified for half a century, and that we have greatly profited by the experience which he derived from his life-long devotion to the cause of the Irish poor."

¹ The suggested inquiry as to the fish was undertaken by the Royal Dublin Society, with a government subvention, and proved the existence of fish off the coast, especially the early mackerel, in sufficient quantities to allow of a profitable industry, an industry which the Congested Districts Board has since established.

engineering works, of providing seed potatoes and other cereals, of improving the breed of live stock and poultry, of paternally supervising and encouraging the agricultural interest, of consolidating and enlarging holdings, of undertaking forestry and planting. In a word, of taking all these practical steps which, for the previous ten years or so, Mr. Tuke had been proclaiming as the only effectual means of permanently relieving the congested districts. Perhaps, however, it hardly falls within the scope of this sketch to detail the work that the Congested Districts Board has actually been able to accomplish. Their work has been emphatically the work of the Board, not that of an individual; and, although Mr. Tuke took a share, and an active share, in the work, he would have been the last man to claim more than a proportionate part in its deliberations and proceedings. His glory lies chiefly in this, that it was largely, if not primarily, due to his exertions that the Board was created at all.

The foregoing imperfect account will show the really astonishing work which Mr. Tuke was able to perform. The secret of his success lay, first, in his marvellous insight into the problems with which he desired to deal, in his painstaking efforts to get at the facts and to acquire accurate knowledge, in his large grasp of the situation; secondly, in his transparent disinterestedness, his calm, judicial, and businesslike mind, his modesty; and, finally, in his warm-hearted sympathy, and in the charm of his character, which inspired a feeling of affection and confidence in those with whom he had to deal, and a feeling of devotion in those who had occasion to serve with or under him. Not only his committee, not only his lieutenants who shared in his counsels, but the humble rank and file of Irishmen who carried out his instructions, one and all felt it a privilege to be associated with him. As a benefactor—though this does not always follow—he would naturally be popular in the districts to which he had rendered such material aid. But it

was more than this. He had a personal popularity besides; he was appreciated, not only as a benefactor, but as a warm-hearted friend.

And, indeed, the good that Mr. Tuke accomplished was not limited to the material benefits that were brought to certain districts in Ireland during his lifetime; nor even to the benefits still to be derived from the policy which he inaugurated—namely, by the creation of a permanent non-political and representative commission to watch over the interests of the congested districts. His action and its results afforded another proof that wise and patient well-doing on a hard, though not hopeless quest, will at length attain its end, and so earn its reward.

Somewhat frail and fragile in appearance, never very strong, it was often a marvel how Mr. Tuke was able to endure the great strain of work, anxiety, and responsibility which all his Irish activity involved. But he had indomitable pluck and cheery spirits. He was excellent company, his interests were varied, his sense of humor was keen. He was the best, kindest, and most faithful of friends. He had no enemies. He was charitable in his soul as well as in his deeds. He never (unlike many of us), unless absolutely goaded into it, spoke a harsh or contemptuous word of any one. He always sought rather to find the best qualities that lay in man or woman.

From Temple Bar.

THREE DAYS IN ACHILL ISLAND.

One day in July, 1891, when the weather was at its hottest, I received a letter from an old friend of mine, Mrs. O'D— inviting myself and my husband to spend a few weeks with her in her beautiful home situated on the west coast of Ireland. "We purport," she wrote, "to take a trip to Achill Island for a few days while you are with us. A friend of ours has kindly placed at our disposal the use of a shooting-lodge of his that formerly belonged to the famous Captain Boycott."

"What do you think, Jack? Shall we go?" I asked.

"By all means," returned my husband. "O'D— has capital white trout and salmon fishing, and the proposed visit to Achill will be very interesting, especially at present."

I quite agreed with him, for Achill just then was being brought prominently before the public, not only because of the poverty and distress of the islanders, but also on account of the lately commenced railway between Westport and the island.

The day after our arrival at the O'D—'s was fixed for our journey to Achill. The sun shone with almost tropical heat as we all assembled on the steps before the hall door preparatory to starting. Luggage surrounded us on all sides, for in addition to our clothes we were obliged to carry all our provisions. Portmanteaus, hampers, guns, fishing-rods, had to be stowed away somehow on to a wagonette and two outside cars—those vehicles peculiar to Ireland, so quaint to look at, so hard to sit on.

Our party consisted of Mr. and Mrs. O'D—, Captain S—, one of those cheery spirits who never know depression; a hard-riding Galway man called B—, V—, a man essentially of town and clubs, Mademoiselle M—, a French governess, a small O'D—, my husband and myself.

During the first part of our journey bog bounded by mountain lay on one side, and high green hills rose on the other, completely shutting out all view of the sea. The railway here and there ran quite close to the road, too close to be pleasant later on, I should think, when the trains begin to run, and it spoilt the aspect of the country, giving it an air of general upheaval and ugliness.

As we approached Mulranny, a little village some ten miles from Achill, the road began to ascend and the view opened out before our delighted eyes. Clew Bay, with its many islands, lay away to the left, and straight before us stretched the wide blue sea. On the other side of the bay Croagh Patrick

rose steeply out of the water, its cone-shaped peak swathed in light vapory clouds; while away beyond, in the hazy distance, we could see the long range of the Connemara mountains. Towards Achill, Clare Island, with its giant cliffs, lay like a huge purple lion sleeping on the sea.

In the village we stopped to rest the horses at one of the numerous "she-beens" with which the place abounds, at the same time giving them a drink of what is in Ireland—and elsewhere, for all I know—called "white water," i.e., flour and warm water mixed.

Mulranny is, I should say, one of the dirtiest villages in Europe. Everything seemed to be rolling over everything else on the road in front of the houses. We had to pick our way through barrels, baskets, babies, fish-boxes, cattle, chickens, and pigs. From its fine situation at a considerable elevation on the side of a steep hill, and with command of such a glorious view, it ought to be an ideal seaside resort, particularly as there is a gleaming stretch of hard, level, yellow sands below. But beyond a few prettily situated villas or cottages there is no sign of enterprise.

The horses, refreshed after their brief rest, started off gaily, and we rattled along through a mountain pass where the road divides, one branch leading to Ballycroy, the region made famous by Maxwell in his delightful book, "Wild Sports of the West," the other taking us to Achill. Just at the cross-roads, nestling at the foot of the mountain, was a tiny lodge, almost hidden by a thick plantation of firs and great bushes of rhododendrons still blooming in a luxuriance of purple, white, and crimson.

The banks by the wayside were fringed with huge masses of fern and foxglove, interspersed with purple heather. The great mountains towered on either side until suddenly we came to a turn in the road. There before us, shut in as in a basin, with vast hills, lay a portion of Blacksod Bay that wound its way up here, reflecting in its placid depths the blue mountains with which

it was surrounded. Away in the distance stretched the long and lofty range of the Ballycroy and Erris mountains, and ever and anon some fresh intricacy of the bay brought a new beauty before our delighted eyes. Here and there, on the side of the mountain along which our road ran, quantities of blue forget-me-nots filled the ditches, lying like mists of azure vapor on the brown ground.

At last we reached Achill Sound. The sea dividing the island from the mainland here narrows to a channel of from two hundred to five hundred yards in breadth. Some nine years ago the people were obliged to cross in a ferry-boat very much out of repair. Often the passage was most dangerous and difficult, owing to the rapidity of the current and the strength of the wind. On fair days the ferry was laden, not only with passengers, but also with sheep, pigs, and young cattle. Old cattle were tied by the horns with a rope made fast to the stern of the boat, and forced to swim as best they could through the rushing tide! At such times the women might be seen, with their petticoats tucked up so as to display an amplitude of sturdy leg, carrying their pigs and sheep to the boat through the foaming water while their lords and masters watched the process and smoked! On fair day, as Mr. O'D— was watching the heavily laden craft making its difficult way across the Sound, he heard an old man remark as if to himself, "Begob! but maybe she'll do it yet." "Do what?" asked Mr. O'D—. "Why, get across, your honor," said the old man. "Well, why shouldn't she?" asked Mr. O'D—. "Well, in troth, your honor," was the startling reply, "she had a hole knocked in her on the rocks to-day, and we had to shuff it wid a bit sod of turf!"

About ten years ago a philanthropic gentleman of the name of Porter initiated a movement with his money and his energy, which resulted in a handsome swivel bridge being built across the passage at a cost of \$6,000; and a great boon it has since proved to both the islanders and tourists.

Mashonaland, so we read, has its occasional gastronomical pleasures and difficulties. Achill Sound has its culinary difficulties rarely attended by any joys other than those which appetite brings. When I say that the chief feature of a meal is delay, and the staple article of diet is chops, and when I add that a chop in Achill is a piece of meat hewn unsymmetrically from any portion of any sheep, and cooked anyhow and anywhere, I give a fair picture of our lunch.

After a considerable delay we crossed the bridge, from which we got a good view of the Sound north and south, and of the island white-dotted with cottages and patch-worked with green fields on a brown moorland ground; and in a few minutes we were well *en route* towards the western extremity of Achill. At this point our journey was again rather uninteresting, its chief features being dreary bog and mountain after passing Glendarrary, the residence of the chief landlord of the island.

When at length we gained the summit of the ridge of hills which forms the backbone of the island, a magnificent scene broke upon us. In front lay the Atlantic, blue in the distance where the sun smiled on it, green with transparent shafts of emerald light where the huge, white-crested waves came curling and breaking in long lines of surge on the flat yellow sands of Keel Bay. As we descended the hill the dark outline of the Minnahaun cliffs came into view on our left, sheering down hundreds of feet into the sea, where the waves dashed and churned angrily on the black rocks at their base. Tall Slieve-more, half veiled in a pink-tinted haze, rose to the north; and in continuation of it we could trace the dimmer, more distant line of the Annagh hills. Croghan towered high above us in the centre, distant too; and somewhere high up in the haze that enveloped it lay the lodge whither we were bound.

We passed through the little villages of Dookinella and Keel, which last consists of an intricate cluster of huts dominated by a police barrack, and up

a slight ascent to the coastguard station, which, with its air of scrupulous neatness and cleanliness, its flagstaff, and its trim paths edged with little snow-white stones, stood out a point of civilized interest on our wild journey. A few of the men in their blue jackets were lounging about, forming, with their neat figures and English faces, a pleasant contrast to the surroundings of the station.

The quaint, poverty-stricken village of Dooagh now lay at our feet, and the horses had to go slowly and carefully down the long, steep hill leading to it. Here the road was being repaired by the poor people on Mr. Balfour's charitable and necessary relief works, and gangs composed chiefly of women and old men—the young men having nearly all, as is their annual custom, gone to England for the harvest—were working at intervals along the way under the supervision of a red-coated sapper of the Royal Engineers and three stalwart members of the Royal Irish Constabulary.

The houses of the little village appear to nestle dangerously near the seashore, and the long Atlantic rollers thunder up to the very cabin doors. The cottages, with their rude thatch made fast by straw ropes to the end of which stones were attached, were built roughly in an oblong shape without plan or arrangement, and ran into one another in an apparently inextricable tangle. The men, women, and children, as they crowded round to have a look at the strangers, formed striking groups. The women were rather comfortably clad, and looked most picturesque in their short petticoats of homespun flannel, dyed a dark purplish magenta. In many cases colored handkerchiefs were tied over their heads. Here and there was a pretty face illuminated by fine eyes, but in most instances toll and exposure had left their mark on all except the children. These latter had their full share of the ubiquitous freshness and beauty of childhood. Bare-legged, brown-faced, their scanty raiment scarcely concealing their sturdy little bodies, they eyed us wonderingly.

Pleasant voices on all sides bade us "Welcome to Dooagh."

Quantities of fish, such as ling and haddock, were drying on the thatch outside the cottages. One old dame we noticed perched on her own roof-tree, her purple petticoat making a dark patch against the yellow straw. As she was spreading her fish two young girls underneath were just about to play a practical joke on her by removing the ladder by which she had climbed up, but our appearance on the scene diverted them from their purpose, and they joined the group to stare at us.

At the end of the village we stopped for a few minutes at the only shop. Here we were at once surrounded by a number of boys eager to carry our luggage over the bog to the lodge above. The road was passable for vehicles but little further, so, having engaged our carriers, we all left the wagonette to walk the remainder of the journey. We were now joined by a most important personage—Jack Gaughan the guide, whose picture appeared in the *Daily Graphic* some time since, a fact of which he is very proud. Eighty years of age, Jack is as straight and hale as a healthy man of fifty. He has a firm and rooted belief in whiskey, and considers it the best medicine for every kind of ailment from a relaxed throat to "rhumatism."

Our road had now dwindled into a mere track up the cliffs. Higher and higher we rose until the sea lay some five hundred feet below. The Minna-haun cliffs behind us were fading into a vague greyness softened by distance. The sea had paled to grey relieved by faint streaks of green. Here and there a dash of white foam, where the tide rippled over some scarce hidden rock, broke its smooth monotony. Away to the south the cone-shaped peak of Croagh Patrick looked faint and dim; while the great, silent, soft expanse of ocean stretched away to the measureless west. The Bills Rocks showed some miles out to sea, a lonely black mass ringed with foam. In the direction of our path, beyond the mountain that we were on, the perpendicular

headland of Keem jutted into the sea. Far above us towered the dark crest of Croghan, purple against the opal-tinted sky.

We were drinking in the beauty of the scene, when suddenly, as if by magic, a last long ray shot out from the setting sun, which up to this had been completely hidden behind a bank of dove-colored cloud, and lo! mountains and sea were bathed in a glow of rosy splendor.

Is it not Oulda who says that to some, sunset suggests nightingales, to others dinner? Though pensive we were hungry, so we turned our backs on the superb view and walked towards the lodge, which stood back a few hundred yards from the cliffs. Corrymore consisted of a block of grey buildings on a patch of isolated green on the mountain side. After unpacking our provisions and giving our orders about dinner to the caretakeress—a stout, freckle-faced matron—we went to explore the house and arrange about rooms. A long, low, stone passage, covered in with glass, ran the whole length of one side of the house, forming a rude conservatory, where heliotrope, geraniums, and other flowers straggled in scented luxuriance. The sitting-room, kitchen, staircase, and two bedrooms opened off this passage, while up-stairs were three more bedrooms. All these chambers were panelled with oak, worm-eaten wreckage most of it, that had been washed ashore years before.

The furniture was simple. The looking-glasses had a fashion of revolving unless propped by a water-bottle or something solid, and when fixed returned an atrabiliarious reflection to the inquiring eye. The windows were very small, and when opened by an unwary person fell down with a jerk and a rush, most unpleasant if one's fingers lingered in the way. This, however, is a feature in the windows of many of the houses in the remoter parts of the west of Ireland, as Mr. Balfour found to his cost when travelling there.

The dining-room was very comfortable, if a bit untidy. A large window

looked out over the cliffs and sea, and over the valley and village of Doagh below. A few odd books lay scattered about—a curious medley—a novel by Colonel Lawrence, some dilapidated numbers of *Judy* belonging to past years, and a tattered copy of "Mr. Sponge's Sporting Tour." Happy and hungry, we unpacked and attacked our dinner, and surprised even ourselves at the raid we made on our provisions.

The next morning was hot and breathless. We were early awakened by the freckle-faced matron's daughter, a pondeous girl of seventeen, knocking at our door.

"Good-marnin'!" she said, as she stumped in, bearing in her hands a steaming soup-tureen, which she gravely set down on the floor. Then she withdrew without another word. The tureen was full of some brown liquid closely resembling clear soup. After eying this inquiringly and with suspicion for some time, it flashed upon Jack that it must be hot water for washing purposes, and that the color was due to the water having been taken from a stream running through the bog. The soup-tureen had survived the vicissitudes of many years' breakages; the hot-water cans had presumably succumbed to wear and tear. The fitness of things had to give place to expediency. I wondered, if the case had been vice versa, whether the soup would have been served up in the hot-water cans?

The men of our party all bathed in a stream behind the lodge, while Mrs. O'D—and I shared the only bath the house possessed in these its later days. When I had finished with it Miss G— came up and tilted the contents out of the window in the most matter-of-fact way, and then took it into Mrs. O'D—'s room.

After a plain but excellent breakfast the men all started to go sea-fishing—Captain S— arrayed in the pride and glory of his new oilskins. Mrs. O'D—and I started for Keem, accompanied by one of Mrs. G—'s numerous little boys, a sturdy, brown-legged lad with a shock of fair hair and large blue eyes,

who carried our lunch-basket and acted as our guide. He was an active little fellow, and trotted along gaily, chatting freely. Mrs. O'D— made a sketch of him in his picturesque rags, through which here and there his skin gleamed bare and brown.

The road to Keem ran along the side of the mountain which on our right rose sheer up above us. On our left was a precipitous descent to the sea, which, four hundred feet below, lay green and transparent, lapping the grey rocks, and breaking in gentlest ripples of delicate foam against them. At first it made me giddy to look down from such a height, but after awhile I grew accustomed to it; and, as the road continued to rise higher, I quite enjoyed peeping over and watching the flocks of rock-pigeons flying in and out of the clefts in the cliffs below. Captain Boycott, it is said, used constantly to drive tandem along this road, unprotected by any embankment, where one false step would mean dismal grief. Fancy the horror of a shieing leader or jibbing wheeler in such a place! Higher and ever higher wound the road and rougher and rougher it became. No car or cart of any description could pass along it now, and we found it difficult to pick our way among the boulders and holes.

At length we reached the summit of our path, and Keem Bay lay beneath us bounded on each side by lofty hills, its clear green water mingling with a bright semicircle of yellow sands. I could not describe the grandeur of form, the loveliness and variety of coloring, on which our delighted eyes feasted.

At length we rose and continued our way on the road that now sloped steeply downwards towards the bay, our little guide trying our nerves by the airy way in which he skipped along the edge of the precipice. About half-way down, lying back from the road, is what is locally called the Diamond Quarry. The crystals found there are of no value except as a curiosity. They resemble amethysts, and vary in color from an opaque milky mauveness to a clear deep purple. Ferns grew in

masses amidst the great boulders scattered about, and the banks of a little stream that rippled down from the mountain to the sea were covered with a wild profusion of London pride and forget-me-not. This stream was spanned by a picturesque stone bridge, under the shelter of whose arch a family had lived some time in the past. The floor of this curious dwelling consisted of planks running crosswise, supported from underneath. The arch of the bridge formed the ceiling, and the ends of the arch were boarded up, with the exception of a small opening left for a doorway, which was approached by a plank thrown out from the bank of the stream.

But the day was changing. Dark clouds were stealing up slowly from the north-west, and dimness and greyness were almost imperceptibly creeping over sea, sky, and mountain. So we finished our sketching and wading, and, having fortified ourselves and our guide with lunch, started off gaily to climb to the summit of the Keem cliffs. A little way up, facing the sea, and lying in the hollow between the Keem and Croghan mountains, we came across the ruins of an old lodge which also was a residence of Captain Boycott in the days before he went to Corrymore. Now it is used as a shelter for the spectral Achill cattle. A group of young girls who were acting as herds, in their bright-colored petticoats and shawls, stood out in a pleasant contrast to the grey walls of the building and the green and brown of the mountain, and gave a little sympathetic life to the scene.

Half an hour's steady climbing brought us to the summit of the cliffs, but alas! for the view. A grey, damp mist was closing in from the sea, and Croghan's great head above us was already wrapped in cloud.

We crawled to the edge of the cliff and peered over. Eight hundred feet below we could just catch a glimpse of the sea fighting its endless battle with the eternal rocks. There was no sign, however, of the fishing-boat we had hoped to see, and we felt uneasy at the

thought of that small craft being pitched about at the mercy of those big waves that thundered and hissed so angrily below. We grew giddy looking down from such a height; but here and there ponies grazed unconcernedly on the very verge of precipices, while their foals gambolled about with as much confidence as if they were in an enclosed meadow! Far down we could see a few sheep picking up a scanty living on perilous ledges; they looked mere white dots against the cliff.

By the time we reached the path leading from the cliff road to the lodge the mist had turned to rain that came down in torrents. We gave a last look at the bay, and in a moment, sea, mountains, the rocks had disappeared, wrapped in a thick white fog. Toiling on, with petticoats flapping round our ankles and soaked boots, we at length reached the welcome shelter of the house, dragged ourselves wet and weary up-stairs to change our saturated clothes, and then settled down to afternoon tea.

Dinner had been ordered for eight o'clock, but we found, when we went to Mrs. G—— about half past six to suggest the advisability of putting down the mutton, that she had already cooked it! "Ah! shure ma'am," she said, in her slow, stolid way, "I was just goin' to dish it whin yez came in." This ignorance of time was a difficulty we had not anticipated, but to hungry people mutton hot or mutton cold is very much the same thing.

At half past seven the men appeared, dripping with rain and sea-water, but in the best of spirits. After a long row in the morning they had just got to their fishing-ground when the clouds from the north-west began to threaten. So the boatmen counselled an immediate return. As all the party had been quite prostrated with sea-sickness, they were, I think, rather glad to turn back, though of course none of them would own as much. One exciting incident had cured them all for a few moments. A huge sunfish appeared suddenly within a few feet of the stern of the boat and swam steadily after it.

Instantly there was great commotion. The coxswain made weird noises and poked at the monster with an oar to keep it off the boat. One of the crew shouted that the boat would be upset. Mr. B——, whose heart had never quailed at the stiffest wall in Galway, stood up in the boat on a thwart. Captain S——, with the military instinct strong upon him, shouted out, "Kill the beast—kill the brute!" Mr. V—— gazed at the intruder through his eye-glass with well-bred curiosity. Mr. O'D—— seized his repeating rifle, which at once in some mysterious way got jammed. Everybody got in everybody else's way, and in the midst of all the confusion the sunfish wisely sank and did not reappear.

Within the bay they cruised about under the shelter of the cliffs and caught a large quantity of fish. On landing at Keem, Captain S—— had missed his footing on the slippery rocks and fallen head over heels into the sea.

After dinner that night Captain S—— discovered that there was a leveret in the kitchen which had been caught by one of the young G——s. We begged him to bring it into the dining-room, and he appeared shortly with the poor little thing wrapped in a napkin, explaining that it was so slippery and difficult to hold. We offered it everything on the table, but the only food that tempted it was a piece of cheese, at which the little creature nibbled eagerly.

In the morning we divided forces. Jack proposed that Mrs. O'D—— and I should drive with him to Doogort, a village on the north side of the island; the others went up to the lake behind the lodge to catch trout. The walk down to the village was very enjoyable in the warm morning sunshine, the heat being pleasantly tempered by the breeze that blew gently off the cool sea. We met endless strings of ponies laden, some with creels of turf, others with "scraws," long, wide sods of turf like mats, cut from the heathery grass and used as thatch for the cottages. The ponies were led by girls in picturesque attire, and in some instances the damsels were riding, seated behind

their loads at the extreme edge of the animals' hindquarters. With apparent precarious balance they trotted rapidly along the steep and rugged road, using no reins and making a small switch do all the necessary guidance. We saw one girl make her pony kneel down while she sprang up behind her creels.

We found a smartly-painted yellow car drawn by a pony in readiness for us on reaching the village. The little animal was not more than twelve hands in height, but it went at a good pace and seemed most willing.

To reach Doogort we had to drive through Keel. Here we made a digression in order to go down to the sands. We had first to traverse a wide stretch of green commonage bounded by a high ridge of round stones that the restless sea had piled up. On the other side of this ridge lay the sands, hard, level, yellow, stretching away for over two miles until they ended abruptly under the shadow of the grim Minnehaun cliffs. Famous here are the wonderful Cathedral Caves, so called because the fret and wash of the Atlantic for centuries has hollowed out the tall rocks into many arches and cloisters resembling those of some old-time cathedral. And I am sure that wind and wave make weird storm-music in those echoing caves while sea-birds hover and listen outside.

Doogort is a small village of neatly-built, whitewashed houses nestling at the foot of the Slievemore mountain. At the hotel we made the acquaintance of Mr. John Sheridan, widely known among the tourist world as sportsman, naturalist, and antiquary. As proprietor of the hotel he has entertained many celebrities in his time, and is proud to number Lady Zetland and Miss Balfour among his late visitors. He is full of information and anecdote about the island, and is never happier than when showing his specimens or antiquities to visitors.

Notwithstanding our drive I felt energetic enough afterwards to climb the great mountain of Croghan and see its wonderful cliffs, two thousand feet in almost sheer descent. We did not

find the ascent very troublesome. There was plenty of heather and grass underfoot, and the ground abounded in wild orchids and London pride. We reached the top in an hour and fifty-five minutes, including twenty minutes for rests at intervals. At every step the view grew more beautiful, till at length we reached the summit. Below lay the great Atlantic, with no land between us and America. Two schooners, sailing idly over the summer sea, seemed mere toy ships. Inland, all the world appeared to lie at our feet. The lodge was a tiny speck of grey, with only the smoke from its chimneys to indicate its whereabouts. Even great Slievemore looked stunted, while the Keem cliffs, that yesterday appeared to us so vast, seemed like small, green mounds. To the south, on the other side of Clew Bay, lay the islands of Innisturk and Innisboffin, and, beyond them, the long range of the Connemara mountains. A little to our right as we looked out to sea, and, as it were, almost at our feet, stretched Saddle Head and Achill Head, the latter a succession of dark, jagged peaks running out into the soft, grey sea. The gentle, languorous grey of evening was stealing over the eastern heavens, and a great bar of gold stretched across the western horizon on the pearl-colored ocean. It was a dream of the daylight.

After dinner that evening we all assembled in the glass-covered verandah to listen to some of the experiences of old Gaughan the guide. Sitting well forward on an inverted hamper, with a glass of his beloved whiskey in his hand, the old man looked curiously picturesque. His high forehead, lined and deeply wrinkled, terminated in a narrow bald crown, from underneath which straggled long, thin locks scarcely tinged with grey. Heavy grey eyebrows overshadowed small but keen and twinkling blue eyes. His nose and upper lip were very long. The lower lip protruded a good deal, and his chin, which receded abruptly, was fringed with scanty hair. Two deep furrows ploughed his face on each side, but not unkindly. Over his whole

countenance spread an expression of humor and geniality, which was intensified when he broke into speech—and Jack could not long be silent. He wore a coat green with age, a pair of heavily-patched, baggy trousers, and a red woollen comforter, which enfolded his neck many times.

Jack was first asked his opinion of whiskey, which has already been quoted.

"Did you ever taste champagne, Jack?" asked one of the party.

"Ay, I did. There was a gentleman come here to go up Croghan, an' whin we got to the top he had for his lunch bread an' other things, an' champagne in thim gold bottles. 'Hallo! Jack,' sez he, 'here's a loaf an' some champagne for yez.' 'An' what is this for?' sez I, after tashin' it. 'What is that for?' sez he. 'Yes,' slz I, 'what's it for?' sez I. 'Shure it's for sick women that's for,' sez I, 'that shweet thing! What's it good for but for sick women? It's so wake—it's no use.' An' no more it is," he added, after draining the glass he held, turning his twinkling eyes on us.

"Well, Jack, you'd better have some more whiskey," said Mr. O'D—. "You don't believe in the Blue Ribbon Army, then?"

"Arrah! Good luck, good luck, your honor," returned the old man, holding out his glass to be refilled. "Is it the Blue Ribbon Army?" he added, with a fine contempt. "Arrah! It's a poor sort of army that."

We asked if he had ever seen a train. "I niver seen a train but ance," he said, "an' thin I wint in her as far as Claremorris, an' I wouldn't go on her agin. I'd sooner walk it. She's very dangerous; shure if she wint off the track isn't all that's in her killed? If the man that's dhruvin' her had a dhrap o' whiskey taken, wouldn't he kill all that's in her? I'll niver go in her agin, she roarin' an' rattlin', an' whustlin' an' screamin'! Arrah! I'll niver go in her agin—niver, niver."

We now varied the evening by a few songs, our guide giving us several ditties in Irish in a sort of weird, monotonous chant, ending each with a curious shout.

Mr. B— sang a comic song called "Mullarkey's Supper Party," in which the courting and love-making of Mr. Mullarkey's guests were described with the most vivid Irish humor. Gaughan was intensely pleased with this, punctuating the different verses with a delighted "Ha! Ha!"

"An' now mebbe the colonel will sing?" he said, turning to Captain S—, who, tacitly accepting his promotion at the guide's hands, disclaimed any musical ability. "Arrah! What's that?" said Gaughan. "Shure, doesn't the colonel sing whin he's marching at the head of his army!"

An anecdote followed illustrative of the belief of the peasant of the west in the varied powers of their priest. "Three months ago, ladies and gents all, there was no sand at Dooagh, only rocks, an' the poor people were losht for want of sand; so Father — rode out into the sea on his pony, and ever since thin we've had lots of sand, an' it's comin', comin' lvery day!"

"Did you see Mr. Balfour when he was on the island, Gaughan?" we asked.

"Troth, I niver did see Mr. Balfour," he returned. "Och! musha, I wish I could see Mishter Balfour! Shurely lvery man in Achill would be dead but for him. If I was a jury or a barrishter fit to do it, I'd make a lord-liftnant of him. I'd make a king in Ireland of him forever, forever. Hadn't I as good platies as any man in the island?—and I haven't eaten a platie since Christmas. But for Mishter Balfour you couldn't walk in Dooagh for corpses, an', troth, I'd say it up to his face. An' three cheers for Mishter Balfour night and day! An' sorra night but I goes on me knees to pray for him to have luck at the lasht day thro' the grace o' God! An' may his sowl go to Hiven the lasht day! All the village pray for him night an' day."

When the old man at last rose to depart, he made us a little bow, and swaying gently over his final "drap o' whiskey," said, "Here's your good health, and may the Lord Almighty bless yez night and day, you ladies and

you gentlemen." With feelings of genuine regret we bade him good-bye. He was a good type of the old-fashioned western peasant—courteous, humorous, with a tact and acuteness of perception to be wondered at and envied.

The morning broke damp and drizzly, and at breakfast our spirits suffered a little. It was the end of a simple pleasure of which we had not partaken to satiety—pleasure of that sort which lingers longest in the memory. Regretfully we did our packing, and shortly after said good-bye to kindly Mrs. G—and her helpful daughter, and found ourselves on our way back to civilization.

M. B. PATTISON.

From *The Nineteenth Century*.
JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS.

More than three years have come and gone since, amongst April blossoms, an English master in the literature of Italy was laid in his premature grave, within that most pathetic and most sacred spot of Rome where lie so many famous Englishmen. "They gave us," wrote his daughter in a beautiful record of the last scene, "they gave us a little piece of ground close to the spot where Shelley lies buried. In all the world there surely is no place more penetrated with the powers of poetry and natural beauty." All travellers know how true is this: few spots on earth possess so weird a power over the imagination. It is described by Horatio Brown in the volume from which I have been quoting,¹ "the grave is within a pace of Trelawny's and a hand-touch of Shelley's 'Cor Cordium,' in the embrasure of the ancient city walls." Fit resting-place for one who of all the men of our generation best knew, loved, and understood the Italian genius in literature!

There are not wanting signs that the reputation of J. Addington Symonds had been growing apace in his latest

years; it has been growing since his too early death, and I venture a confident belief that it is yet destined to grow. His later work is to my mind far stronger, richer, and more permanent than his earlier work—excellent as is almost all his prose. Even the learning and brilliancy of the "Renaissance in Italy" do not impress me with the same sense of his powers as his "Benvenuto Cellini," his "Michelangelo," his last two volumes of "Essays, Speculative and Suggestive." (1890), and some passages in the posthumous "Autobiography" embodied in the "Life" by H. F. Brown. For grasp of thought, directness, sureness of judgment, the "Essays" of 1890 seem to me the most solid things that Symonds has left. He grew immensely after middle age in force, simplicity, depth of interest and of insight. He pruned his early exuberance; he boldly grasped the great problems of life and thought; he spoke forth his mind with a noble courage and signal frankness. He was lost to us too early; he died at fifty-two, after a life of incessant suffering, constantly on the brink of death, a life maintained, in spite of all trials, with heroic constancy and tenacity of purpose. And as we look back now we may wonder that his barely twenty years of labor under such cruel obstacles produced so much. For I reckon some forty works of his, great and small, including at least some ten important books of prose in some twenty solid volumes. That is a great achievement for one who was a permanent invalid and was cut off before old age.

The publication of the "Life" by his friend H. F. Brown, embodying his own "Autobiography" and his "Letters," has now revealed to the public what even his friends only partly understood, how stern a battle for life was waged by Symonds from his childhood. His inherited delicacy of constitution drove him to pass the larger part of his life abroad, and at last compelled him to make his home in an Alpine retreat. The pathetic motto and preface he prefixed to his "Essays" (1890) shows how deeply he felt his compulsory exile—

¹ John Addington Symonds: a Biography. By Horatio F. Brown. With portraits and other illustrations, in two vols. 8vo. London, 1895.

ἐρητικὸν εἶναι φασι τὴν ἐρημίαν — "solitude," they say, "favors the search after truth"—"The 'Essays,'" he declares, "written in the isolation of this Alpine retreat (Davos-Platz, 1890), express the opinions and surmises of one who long has watched in solitude, 'as from a ruined tower,' the world of thought, and circumstance, and action." And he goes on to speak of his "prolonged seclusion from populous cities and the society of intellectual equals"—a seclusion which lasted, with some interruptions, for more than fifteen years. And during a large part of his life of active literary production, a period of scarcely more than twenty years, he was continually incapacitated by pain and physical prostration, as we now may learn from his "Autobiography" and "Letters." They give us a fine picture of intellectual energy overcoming bodily distress. How few of the readers who delighted in his sketches of the columbines and asphodels on the Monte Generoso, and the vision, of the Propylæa in moonlight, understood the physical strain on him whose spirit bounded at these sights and who painted them for us with so radiant a palette.

Symonds, I have said, grew and deepened immensely in his later years, and it was only perhaps in the very last decade of his life that he reached the full maturity of his powers. His beautiful style, which was in early years somewhat too luscious, too continuously florid, too redolent of the elaborated and glorified prize-essay, grew stronger, simpler, more direct, in his later pieces, though to the last he had still some savor of the fastidious literary recluse. In the "Catholic Reaction" (1886), in the "Essays" (1890), in the posthumous "Autobiography" (begun in 1889), he grapples with the central problems of modern society and philosophic thought, and has left the somewhat dilettante tourist of the Cornice and Ravenna far, far behind him. As a matter of style, I hold the "Benvenuto Cellini" (of 1888) to be a masterpiece of skilful use of language; so that the inimitable memoirs of the

immortal vagabond read to us now like an original of Smollett. It is far the most popular of Symonds's books, in large part no doubt from the nature of the work, but it is in form the most racy of all his pieces; and the last thing that any one could find in it would be any suggestion of academic euphuism. Had Symonds from the first written with that *verve* and mother-wit, his readers doubtless would have been trebled.

It has been an obstacle to the recognition of Symonds's great merits that until well past middle life he was known to the public only by descriptive and critical essays in detached pieces, and these addressed mainly to a scholarly and travelled few, whilst the nervous and learned works of his more glowing autumn came toward the end of his life on a public rather satiated by exquisite analysis of landscapes and of poems. Even now, it may be said, the larger public are not yet familiar with his exhaustive work on Michelangelo, his latest "Essays," and his "Autobiography" and "Letters." In these we see that to a vast knowledge of Italian literature and art, Symonds united a judgment of consummate justice and balance, a courageous spirit, and a mind of rare sincerity and acumen.

His work, with all its volume in the whole, is strictly confined within its chosen fields. It concerns Greek poetry, the scenery of Italy and Greece, Italian literature and art, translations of Greek and Italian poetry, volumes of lyrics, critical studies of some English poets, essays in philosophy and the principles of art and style. This in itself is a considerable field, but it includes no other part of ancient or modern literature, no history but that of the Renaissance, no trace of interest in social, political, or scientific problems. In the pathetic preface of 1890 Symonds himself seems fully to recognize how much he was used to survey the world of things from a solitary peak. His work then is essentially, in a degree peculiar for our times, the work of a student, looking at things through books, from the point of view of litera-

ture, and for a literary end—*οὐ πρᾶξις ἀλλὰ γνῶσις* is his motto. And this gospel is always and of necessity addressed to the few rather than to the mass.

I.

CRITICAL AND DESCRIPTIVE ESSAYS.

Until Symonds was well past the age of thirty-five—*nel mezzo del cammin*—he was known only by his very graceful pictures of Italy and his most scholarly analysis of Greek poetry. I have long been wont to regard his two series of "The Greek Poets" (1873, 1876) as the classical and authoritative estimate of this magnificent literature. These studies seem to me entirely right, convincing, and illuminating. There is little more to be said on the subject; and there is hardly a point missed or a judgment to be reversed. He can hardly even be said to have over-rated or under-rated any important name. And this is the more remarkable in that Symonds ranges over Greek poetry throughout all the thirteen centuries which separate the *Iliad* from "Hero and Leander;" and he is just as lucidly judicial whether he deals with Hesiod, Empedocles, Æschylus, or Menander.

Symonds was certainly far more widely and profoundly versed in Greek poetry than any Englishman who in our day has analyzed it for the general reader. And it is plain that no scholar of his eminence has been master of a style so fascinating and eloquent. He has the art of making the Greek poets live to our eyes as if we saw in pictures the scenes they sing. A fine example of this power is in the admirable essay on Pindar in the first series, when he describes the festival of Olympia as Pindar saw it. And we who have been trying to get up a thrill over the gate-money "sports" in the Stadium of Athens may turn to Symonds's description of the Olympic games of old—"a festival in the fullest sense of the word popular, but at the same time consecrated by religion, dignified by patriotic pride, adorned with art." And he gives us a vivid sketch of the scene in the blaze of summer, with the trains of

pilgrims and deputies, ambassadors and athletes, sages, historians, poets, painters, sculptors, wits and statesmen—all thronging into the temple of Zeus to bow before the chryselephantine masterpiece of Phœdrias.

These very fine critical estimates of the Greek poets would no doubt have had a far wider audience had they been from the first more organically arranged, less full of Greek citations and remarks intelligible only to scholars. As it is, they are studies in no order, chronological or analytic; for Theocritus and the Anthologies come in the first series, and Homer and Æschylus in the second. The style too, if always eloquent and picturesque, is rather too continuously picturesque and eloquent. *Sostenuto con tenerezza*—is a delightful variety in a sonata, but we also crave a *scherzo*, and *adagio* and *prestissimo* passages. Now, Symonds, who continually delights us with fine images and fascinating color, is too fond of satiating us with images and with color, till we long for a space of quiet reflection and neutral good sense. And not only are the images too constant, too crowded, and too luscious—though, it must be said, they are never incongruous or commonplace—but some of the very noblest images are apt to falter under their own weight of ornament.

Here is an instance from his "Pindar"—a grand image, perhaps a little too laboriously colored:—

He who has watched a sunset attended by the passing of a thunderstorm in the outskirts of the Alps, who has seen the distant ranges of the mountains alternately obscured by cloud and blazing with the concentrated brightness of the sinking sun, while drifting scuds of hail and rain, tawny with sunlight, glistening with broken rainbows, clothe peak and precipice and forest in the golden veil of flame-irradiated vapor—who has heard the thunder bellow in the thwarting folds of hills, and watched the lightning, like a snake's tongue, flicker at intervals amid gloom and glory—knows in Nature's language what Pindar teaches with the voice of Art.

And, not content with this magnificent

and very just simile, Symonds goes on to tell us how Pindar "combines the strong flight of the eagle, the irresistible force of the torrent, the richness of Greek wine, the majestic pageantry of nature in one of her sublimer moods." This is too much; we feel that, if the metaphors are not getting mixed, they form a draught too rich for us to quaff.

Symonds has, however, an excellent justification to offer for this pompous outburst, that he was anxious to give us a vivid sense of Pindar's own "tumidum—an overblown exaggeration of phrase," for "Pindar uses images like precious stones, setting them together in a mass, without caring to sort them, so long as they produce a gorgeous show." We all know how dangerous a model the great lyrist may become—

Pindarum quisquis studet æmulari,
Iule, ceratis ope Dædalea
Nititur pinnis, vitreo daturus
Nomina ponto.

Symonds sought to show us something of Pindar's "fiery flight, the torrentfulness, the intoxicating charm" of his odes; and so he himself in his enthusiasm "fervet, immensusque ruit profundo ore."

Whenever Symonds is deeply stirred with the nobler types of Greek poetry, this dithyrambic mood comes on him, and he gives full voice to the god within. Here is a splendid symphony called forth by the Trilogist of Æschylus:—

There is, in the "Agamemnon," an oppressive sense of multitudinous crimes, of sins gathering and swelling to produce a tempest. The air we breathe is loaded with them. No escape is possible. The marshalled thunderclouds roll ever onward, nearer and more near, and far more swiftly than the foot can flee. At last the accumulated storm bursts in the murder of Agamemnon, the majestic and unconscious victim, felled like a steer at the stall; in the murder of Cassandra, who foresees her fate, and goes to meet it with the shrinking of some dumb creature, and with the helplessness of one who

knows that doom may not be shunned; in the lightning-flash of Clytemnestra's arrogance, who hitherto has been a glittering hypocrite, but now proclaims herself a fiend incarnate. As the chorus cries, the rain of blood, that hitherto has fallen drop by drop, descends in torrents on the house of Atreus; but the end is not yet. The whole tragedy becomes yet more sinister when we regard it as the prelude to ensuing tragedies, as the overture to fresh symphonies and similar catastrophes. Wave after wave of passion gathers and breaks in these stupendous scenes; the ninth wave mightier than all, with a crest whereof the spray is blood, falls foaming; over the outspread surf of gore and ruin the curtain drops, to rise upon the self-same theatre of new woes.

This unquestionably powerful picture of the "Agamemnon" opens with a grand trumpet-burst that Ruskin might envy—"an oppressive sense of multitudinous crimes"—"the air we breathe is loaded with them"—"Agamemnon, the majestic and unconscious victim, felled like a steer at the stall"—Cassandra with the shrinking of some dumb creature—Clytemnestra, the glittering hypocrite, the fiend incarnate. Down to this point the passage is a piece of noble English, and a true analysis of the greatest of pure tragedies. But when we come to the rain of blood, the waves with their spray of blood, the "outspread surf of gore," we begin to feel exhausted and satiated with horror, and the whole terrific paragraph ends in something perilously near to bathos. I have cited this passage as a characteristic example of Symonds in his splendid powers and his besetting weakness—his mastery of the very heart of Greek poetry, and his proneness to redundancy of ornament; his anxiety to paint the lily and to gild the refined gold of his own pure and very graceful English.

I have always enjoyed the "Sketches in Italy and Greece" (1874) and the "Sketches and Studies in Italy" (1879) as delightful reminiscences of some of the loveliest scenes on earth. They record the thoughts of one who was at once scholar, historian, poet, and painter—painter, it is true, in words,

but one who saw Italy and Athens as a painter does, or rather as he should do. The combination is very rare, and, to those who can follow the guidance, very fascinating. The fusion of history and landscape is admirable; the Siena, the Perugia, the Palermo, Syracuse, Rimini, and Ravenna, with their stories of S. Catherine, the Baglioni, the Normans of Hauteville, Nicias and Demosthenes, the Malatesti, and the memories of the Pineta—are pictures that dwell in the thoughts of all who love these immortal spots, and should inspire all who do not know them with the thirst to do so. The Athens is quite an education in itself, and it makes one regret that it is the one sketch that Symonds has given us in Greece proper. To the cultured reader he is the ideal cicerone for Italy.

The very completeness and variety of the knowledge that Symonds has lavished on these pictures of Italian cities may somewhat limit their popularity, for he appeals at once to such a combination of culture that many readers lose something of his ideas. Passages from Greek, Latin, and Italian abound in them; the history is never sacrificed to the landscape, nor the landscape to the poetry, nor the scholarship to the sunlight, the air, and the scents of flower or the sound of the waves and the torrents. All is there; and in this way they surpass those pictures of Italian scenes that we may read in Ruskin, George Eliot, or Professor Freeman. Freeman has not the poetry and color of Symonds; George Eliot has not his ease and grace, his fluidity of improvisation; and Ruskin, with all his genius for form and color, has no such immense and catholic grasp of history as a whole.

But it cannot be denied that these "Sketches," like the "Greek Poets," are too continuously florid, too profusely colored, without simplicity and repose. The subjects admit of color, nay, they demand it; they justify enthusiasm, and suggest a luxurious wealth of sensation. But their power and their popularity would have been greater if their style had more light and shade, if the prosaic foreground and back-

ground had been set down in jog-trot prose. The high-blooded barb that Symonds mounts never walks; he curvets, ambles, caracoles, and prances with unfailing elegance, but with somewhat too monotonous a consciousness of his own grace. And there is a rather more serious weakness. These beautiful sketches are *pictures*, descriptions of what can be *seen*, not records of what has been *felt*. Now, it is but a very limited field indeed within which words can describe scenery. The emotions that scenery suggests can be given us in verse or in prose. Byron perhaps could not paint word-pictures like Symonds. But his *emotions* in a thunderstorm in the Alps, or as he gazes on the Silberhorn, his grand outburst—

Oh Rome! my country! city of the soul!
The orphans of the heart must turn to thee
Lone Mother of dead Empires!

strike the imagination more than a thousand word-pictures. Ruskin's elaborate descriptions of Venice and Florence would not have touched us as they do, had he not made us feel all that Venice and Florence meant to him. This is the secret of Byron, of Goethe, even of "Corinne" and "Transformation." But this secret Symonds never learned. He paints, he describes, he tells us all he *knows* and what he has *read*. He does not tell us what he has *felt*, so as to make us feel it to our bones. Yet such is the only possible form of reproducing the effect of a scene.

II.

ITALIAN LITERATURE AND ART.

It will, I think, be recognized by all, that no English writer of our time has equalled Symonds in knowledge of the entire range of Italian literature from Guido Cavalcanti to Leopardi, and none certainly has treated it with so copious and brilliant a pen. The seven octavo volumes on the "Italian Renaissance" occupied him for eleven years (1875-1886); and besides these there are the two volumes on "Michelangelo" (1892), two volumes of "Benvenuto Cellini" (1888), a volume on Boccaccio

(1894), and the "Sonnets" of Michelangelo and Campanella (1878). And we must not forget the early essay on Dante (1872), and translations from Petrarch, Ariosto, Pulci, and many more. This constitutes an immense and permanent contribution to our knowledge, for it not only gives us a survey of Italian literature for its three grand centuries, but it presents such an ample analysis of the works reviewed that every reader can judge for himself how just and subtle are the judgments pronounced by the critic. The studies of Petrarch, Boccaccio, of the Humanists and Poliziano, of Michelangelo, Lionardo, Cellini, Ariosto, and Tasso, are particularly full and instructive. The whole series of estimates is exhaustive. To see how complete it is, one need only compare it with the brief summaries and dry catalogues of such a book as Hallam's "Literature of Europe." Hallam gives us notes on Italian literature; Symonds gives us biographies and synopses.

This exhaustive treatment brings its own Nemesis. The magic fountain of Symonds's learning and eloquence pours on till it threatens to become a flood. We have almost more than we need or can receive. We welcome all that he has to tell us about the origins of Italian poetry, about Boccaccio and contemporary "Novelle," about the "Orlando" cycle and the pathetic story of Tasso. And so, all that we learn of Machiavelli, Bruno, Campanella, Sarpi is exactly what we want, told us in exactly the way we enjoy. But our learned guide pours on with almost equal eloquence and detail into all the ramifications of the literature in its pedantry, its decadence, its affectation. And at last the most devoted reader begins to have enough of the copyists of Dante and Boccaccio, of the "Hypnerotomachia" and its brood, of "Laude" and "Ballate," of "Rispetti" and "Capitoli," and all the languishments and hermaphroditisms of Guarini, Berni, and Marino. Nearly four thousand pages charged with extracts and references make a great deal to

master; and the general reader may complain that they stoop to register so many conceits and so much filth.

In all that he has written on Italian art, Symonds has shown ripe knowledge and consummate judgment. The second volume of his "Italian Renaissance" is wholly given to art, but he treats it incidentally in many other volumes, in the works on Michelangelo and Cellini and in very many essays. His "Michelangelo Buonarroti" (1893) is a masterly production, going as it does to the root of the central problems of great art. And his estimate of Cellini is singularly discriminating and sound. His accounts of the origin of Renaissance architecture, of Lionardo, of Luini, of Correggio, and Giorgione are all essentially just and decisive. Indeed, in his elaborate survey of Italian art for three centuries from Nicolas of Pisa to Vasari, though few would venture to maintain that Symonds is always right, he would be a bold man who should try to prove that he was often wrong.

But this is very far from meaning that Symonds has said everything, or has said the last word. The most cursory reader must notice how great is the contrast between the view of Italian art taken by Symonds and that taken by Ruskin. Not that they differ so deeply in judging specific works of art or even particular artists. It is a profound divergence of beliefs on religion, philosophy, and history. That Revival of Paganism which is abomination to Ruskin is the subject of Symonds's commemoration, and even of his modified admiration. The whole subject is far too complex and too radical to be discussed here. For my own part I am not willing to forsake the lessons of either. Both have an intimate knowledge of Italian art and its history—Ruskin as a poet and painter of genius, Symonds as a scholar and historian of great learning and industry. Ruskin has passionate enthusiasm; Symonds has laborious impartiality, a cool judgment, and a Catholic taste. Ruskin is an almost mediæval Christian; Sy-

monds is a believer in science and in evolution.

The contrast between the two, which is admirably illustrated by their different modes of regarding Raffaele at Rome, and Michelangelo's Sistine Chapel, is a fresh form of the old maxim—Both are right in what they affirm and wrong in what they deny. Ruskin's enthusiasm is lavished on the Catholic and chivalric nobleness of the thirteenth century; Symonds's enthusiasm is lavished on the humanity and the naturalism of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. We accept the gifts of both ages and we will not dispense with either. Ruskin denounced Neoclassicism and the Humanism of the Renaissance; Symonds denounced the superstition and inhumanity of Medievalism. But Ruskin has shown us how unjust was Symonds to Catholicism, whilst Symonds has shown us how unjust was Ruskin to the Renaissance.

Let us thankfully accept the lessons of both these learned masters of literature and art. To Ruskin, the Renaissance is a mere episode, and a kind of local plague. With Symonds it is the centre of a splendid return to truth and beauty. Ruskin's point of view is far the wider; Symonds's point of view is far the more systematic. Ruskin is thinking of the religion and the poetry of all the ages; Symonds is profoundly versed in the literature and art of a particular epoch in a single country. Ruskin knows nothing and wishes to know nothing of the masses of literature and history which Symonds has absorbed. Symonds, on the other hand, despises a creed which teaches such superstitions, and a Church which ends in such corruptions. Spiritually, perhaps, Ruskin's enthusiasms are the more important and the purer; philosophically and historically, Symonds's enthusiasms are the more scientific and the more rational. Both, in their way, are real. Let us correct the one by the other. The Renaissance was an indispensable progress in the evolution of Europe, and yet withal a moral

depravation—full of immortal beauty, full also of infernal vileness, like the Sin of Milton at the gate of Hell.

"The Renaissance in Italy" (alas! why did he use this Frenchified word in writing in English of an Italian movement, when some of us have been struggling for years past to assert the pure English form of *Renascence*?)—"The Renaissance in Italy" is a very valuable and brilliant contribution to our literature, but it is not a complete book even yet, not an organic book, not a work of art. The volumes on art and on literature are in every way the best; but even in these the want of proportion is very manifest. Cellini, in Symonds, occupies nearly five times the space given to Raffaele. Barely fifteen pages (admirable in themselves) are devoted to Lionardo, whilst a whole chapter is devoted to the late school of Bologna. It is the same with the literature. Pietro Aretino is treated with the same scrupulous interest as Boccaccio or Ariosto. The "Hermaphroditus" and the "Adone" are commemorated with as much care as the poems of Dante or Petrarch. A history of literature, no doubt, must take note of all popular books, however pedantic or obscene. But we are constantly reminded how very much Symonds is absorbed in purely literary interests rather than in social and truly historic interests.

"The Renaissance in Italy," if regarded as a survey of the part given by one nation to the whole movement of the Renaissance in Europe over some two centuries and a half, has one very serious *lacuna* and defect. In all these seven volumes there is hardly one word about the *science* of the Renaissance. Now, the revival for the modern world of physical science from the state to which science had been carried by Hippocrates, Aristotle, Archimedes, and Hipparchus in the ancient world was one of the greatest services of the Renaissance—one of the greatest services ever conferred on mankind. And in this work Italy held a foremost part,

if she did not absolutely lead the way. In mathematics, mechanics, astronomy, physics, botany, zoology, medicine, and surgery the Italians did much to prepare the ground for modern science. Geometry, algebra, mechanics, anatomy, geography, jurisprudence, and general philosophy owe very much to the Italian genius; but of these we find nothing in these seven crowded volumes. Symonds knows nothing whatever of the wonderful tale of the rise of modern algebra—of Tartaglia and Cardan; nothing of the origins of modern geometry and mechanics; nothing of the school of Vesalius at Pavia, of Fallopius and Eustachius and the early Italian anatomists; nothing of Cæsalpinus and the early botanists; nothing of Lillio and the reformed Calendar of Pope Gregory; nothing of Alciati and the revival of Roman law. A whole chapter might have been bestowed on Lionardo as a man of science, and another on Galileo, whose physical discoveries began in the sixteenth century. And a few pages might have been saved for Christopher Columbus. And it is the more melancholy that the great work out of which these names are omitted has room for elaborate disquisitions on the "Rifacimento" of Orlando, and a perfect Newgate Calendar of princes and princesses, Borgias, Cencis, Orsinis, and Accorambonis. Symonds has given us some brilliant analyses of the literature and art of Italy during three centuries of the Renaissance. But he has not given us its full meaning and value in science, in philosophy, or in history, for he has somewhat misunderstood both the Middle Ages which created the Renaissance and the Revolution which it created in turn, nor has he fully grasped the relations of the Renaissance to both.

III.

POEMS AND TRANSLATIONS.

It is impossible to omit some notice of Symonds's poetry, because he labored at this art with such courage and perseverance, and has left so much to the world, besides, I am told, whole

packets of verses in manuscript. He published some five or six volumes of verse, including his Prize Poem of 1860, and he continued to the last to write poems and translations. But he was not a poet; he knew it—"I have not the inevitable touch of the true poet"—he says very justly in his "Autobiography." Matthew Arnold told him that he obtained the Newdigate prize not for the style of his "Escorial"—which, in its obvious fluency, is a quite typical prize poem—"but because it showed an intellectual grasp of the subject." That is exactly the truth about all Symonds's verses. They show a high intellectual grasp of the subject; but they have not the inevitable touch of the true poet.

These poems are very thoughtful, very graceful, very interesting, and often pathetic. They rank very high among the minor poetry of his time. They are full of taste, of ingenuity, of subtlety, nay, of beauty. There is hardly a single fault to be found in them, hardly a commonplace stanza, not one false note. And yet, as he said with his noble sincerity, he has scarcely written one great line—one line that we remember, and repeat, and linger over. He frankly recalls how "Vaughan at Harrow told me the truth when he said that my besetting sin was 'fatal facility.'" And at Balliol, he says, Jowett "chid me for ornaments and mannerisms of style."

Symonds's poetry is free from mannerisms, but it has that "fatal facility"—which no fine poetry can have. It is full of ornament—of really graceful ornament; but it sadly wants variety, fire, the incommunicable "form" of true poetry. The very quantity of it has perhaps marred his reputation, good as most of it is regarded as minor poetry. But does the world want minor poetry at all? The world does not, much less minor poetry mainly on the theme of death, waste, disappointment, and doubt. But to the cultured few who love scholarly verse packed close with the melancholy musings of a strong brain and a brave heart, to Symonds's own friends and contempo-

raries, these sonnets and lyrics will long continue to have charm and meaning. He said in the touching preface to "Many Moods," 1878, dedicated to his friend, Roden Noel, who has now rejoined him in the great kingdom, he trusted "that some moods of thought and feeling, not elsewhere expressed by me in print, may live within the memory of men like you, as part of me!" It was a legitimate hope; and it is not, and it will not be, unfulfilled.

The translations in verse are excellent. From translations in verse we hardly expect original poetry; and it must be doubted if any translation in verse can be at once accurate, literal, and poetic. Symonds was a born translator; his facility, his ingenuity, his scholarly insight, his command of language prompted him to give us a profusion of translations in verse, even in his prose writings. They are most of them as good as literal transcripts of a poem can be made. But they are not quite poetry. In Sappho's hymn to Aphrodite, Symonds's opening lines:—

Star-throned, incorruptible Aphrodite,
Child of Zeus, wile-weaving, I supplicate
thee—

are a most accurate rendering; but they do not give the melodious wail of—

ποικιλόθρον', ἀθάνατ' Ἀφρόδιτα,
παῖ Δίος, δολόπλοκε, λίσσομαι, σι.

"The Sonnets of Michelangelo and of Campanella," 1878, is a most valuable contribution to Italian literature. These most powerful pieces had never been translated into English from the authentic text. They are abrupt, obscure, and subtle, and especially require the help of an expert. And in Symonds they found a consummate expert.

IV.

PHILOSOPHICAL AND RELIGIOUS SPECULATIONS.

It was not until a few years before his death that Symonds was known as a writer on subjects other than history, literature, and art. But in his fiftieth year he issued in two volumes his "Es-

says, Speculative and Suggestive," 1890. These, as I have said, are written in a style more nervous and simple than his earlier studies; they deal with larger topics with greater seriousness and power. The essays on "Evolution," on its "Application to Literature and Art," on "Principles of Criticism," on the "Provinces and Relations of the Arts," are truly *suggestive*, as he claims them to be; and are wise, ingenious, and fertile. The "Notes on Style," on the history of style, national style, personal style, are sound and interesting, if not very novel. And the same is true of what he has written of expression, of caricature, and of our Elizabethan and Victorian poetry.

The great value of Symonds's judgments about literature and art arises from his uniform combination of comprehensive learning with judicial temper. He is very rarely indeed betrayed into any form of extravagance either by passionate admiration or passionate disdain. And he hardly ever discusses any subject of which he has not a systematic and exhaustive knowledge. His judgment is far more under the control of his emotions than is that of Ruskin, and he has a wider and more erudite familiarity with the whole field of modern literature and art than had either Ruskin or Matthew Arnold. Indeed, we may fairly assume that none of his contemporaries has been so profoundly saturated at once with classical poetry, Italian and Elizabethan literature, and modern poetry, English, French, and German. Though Symonds had certainly not the literary charm of Ruskin, or Matthew Arnold, perhaps of one or two others among his contemporaries, he had no admitted superior as a critic in learning or in judgment.

But that which I find most interesting—I venture to think most important—in these later essays, in the "Autobiography" and the "Letters," is the frank and courageous handling of the eternal problems of Man and the Universe, Humanity and its Destiny, the relations between the individual and

the environment. All these Symonds has treated with a clearness and force that some persons hardly expected from the loving critic of Sappho, Poliziano, and Cellini. For my own part I know few things more penetrating and suggestive in this field than the essays on the "Philosophy of Evolution" and its applications, the "Nature Myths," "Darwin's Thoughts about God," the "Limits of Knowledge," and "Notes on Theism." Symonds avows himself an Agnostic, rather tending towards Pantheism, in the mood of Goethe and of Darwin. As his friend puts it truly enough in the "Biography"—"Essentially he desired the warmth of a personal God, intellectually he could conceive that God under human attributes only, and he found himself driven to say 'No' to each human presentment of Him."

In his "Essays" and in the "Autobiography" Symonds has summed up his final beliefs, and it was right that on his grave-stone they should inscribe his favorite lines of Cleanthes which he was never tired of citing, which he said must be the form of our prayers:—

Lead Thou me, God, Law, Reason, Motion, Life!

All names alike for Thee are vain and hollow.

But he separated himself from the professed Theists who assert "that God must be a *Person*, a *righteous Judge*, a *loving Ruler*, a *Father*" (the italics are his—"Notes on Theism," Essays, ii. p. 291). This is nearly the same as Matthew Arnold's famous phrase—"the stream of tendency by which all things seek to fulfil the law of their being"—or "the Eternal not ourselves that makes for righteousness." And Matthew Arnold also could find no probable evidence for the belief that God is a *Person*. The reasoning of Symonds in these later essays is not wholly unlike that which leads Herbert Spencer to his idea of the Unknowable—"the Infinite and Eternal Energy by which all things are created

and sustained." But Symonds's own belief tended rather more to a definite and moral activity of the Energy he could not define, and he was wont to group himself under Darwin rather than Spencer.

He had reflected upon Comte's conception of Humanity as the supreme Power of which we can predicate certain knowledge and personal relations; and in many of his later utterances Symonds approximates in general purpose to that conception. His practical religion is always summed up in his favorite motto from Goethe—"im Ganzen, Guten, Schönen, resolut zu leben," or in the essentially Positivist maxim—*τοὺς ζῶντας εὖ δρᾶν*—do thy duty throughout this life. But it seems that the idea of Humanity had been early presented to him in its pontifical, not in its rational form. And a man who was forced to watch the busy world of men in solitude from afar was not likely to accept a practical religion of life for others—for Family, Country, and Humanity. It is possible that his eloquent relative who built in the clouds of Oxford Metaphysic so imposing a Nephelococcygia may have influenced him more than he knew. In any case, he sums up his "religious evolution" thus (Biography, II. 132): "Having rejected dogmatic Christianity in all its forms, Broad Church, Anglicanism, the Gospel of Comte, Hegel's superb identification of human thought with essential Being, etc., etc. . . . I came to fraternize with Goethe, Cleanthes, Whitman, Bruno, Darwin."

They who for years have delighted in those brilliant studies that Symonds poured forth on literature, art, criticism, and history should become familiar with the virile meditations he scattered through the "Autobiography" and "Letters" in the memoir compiled by Horatio Brown. They will see how steadily his power grew to the last both in thought and in form. His earlier form had undoubtedly tended to mannerism—not to euphuism or "preciosity" indeed—but to an excess of color and

saccharine. As he said of another famous writer on the Renaissance, we feel sometimes in these "Sketches" as if we were lost in a plantation of sugarcane. But Symonds never was seriously a victim of the Circe of preciosity, she who turns her lovers into swine—of that style which he said "has a peculiarly disagreeable effect on my nerves—like the presence of a civet cat." He was luscious, not precious. His early style had a sad tendency to Ruskinize. But at last he became virile and not luscious at all.

And that other defect of his work—its purely literary aspect—he learned at last to develop into a definite social and moral philosophy. He was quite aware of his besetting fault. "The fault of my education as a preparation for literature was that it was exclusively literary" (Autobiography, I. 218). That no doubt is answerable for much of the shortcoming of his "Renaissance," the exaggeration of mere scandalous pedantry, of frigid conceits, and entire omission of science. It is significant to read from one of Oxford's most brilliant sons a scathing denunciation of the superficial and mechanical "cram," which Oxford still persists in calling its "education" (Autobiography, I. 218).

It is a moving and inspiring tale is this story of the life of a typical and exemplary man of letters. Immense learning, heroic perseverance, frankness and honesty of temper, with the egotism incidental to all autobiographies and intimate letters, and in this case perhaps emphasized by a life of exile and disease, a long and cruel battle with inherited weakness of constitution, a bright spirit, an intellect alert, unbroken to the last. His friends will echo the words that Jowett wrote for his tomb:—

Ave carissime!

Nemo te magis in corde amicis fovebat,
Nec in simplices et indoctos
Benevolentior erat.

FREDERIC HARRISON.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

A FLORENTINE DESPOT.

Some three hundred years ago a certain Florentine citizen, one Alessandro Ceccheregli, wrote and published an interesting little book.¹ He explains in a short preface that he was urged to the composition of his work by the consideration that there are two things above all others which endear men to their fellow-creatures,—to wit, entertaining them and helping them. He appears to have had no doubt that the matter of his book was such as to entitle him to gratitude on both those scores; since it was a record, as full as he could make it, of the wise sayings and sagacious actions of a prince whom he represents as gifted with an extraordinary degree of insight and of judgment, and as possessing every quality which could win the respect and love of his subjects; no less a person, in fact, than Alessandro de Medici, usually known as the first Duke of Florence.

Ceccheregli has thrown his work into the form of a conversation carried on by six grave and leisurely citizens, who, finding the weather extremely hot, have wisely resolved to sit chatting in the shade until it grows cool again. Three of them indeed,—Messer Lodovico Domenichi, a much-respected philosopher and historian, with two merchants, Messer Francesco Mannini and Messer Francesco Ricoveri—have been diverting themselves in this agreeable manner for several days, and have derived such deep satisfaction from their discourses on various subjects that they can feel nothing but sympathy for their three friends, Messer Hortensio Brusciati, Messer Lodovico del Trevaglia, and Messer Bastiano Saluetti, who have only just joined them, and thus lost their share in these pleasant conversations. However, the weather is as hot as on any one of

¹ The full title of the book is "*Delle Attioni et Sonteuze del S. Alessandro de' Medici, Primo Duca di Fiorenza.*" It was dedicated to M. Giovanettorio Soderini, and was published at Venice in the year 1565.

those past days; the delight of sitting in the shade of the laurels is no less than before; while the appetite of the company for conversation is rather whetted than blunted by their previous discussions. The wise course is, therefore, to sit down again; and after casting about for some time in search of a subject, and much interchange of compliments, which, however appropriate to a hot day in Florence, might be found tedious in a brisker climate, they light at last upon Duke Alexander, whose murder by his cousin, Lorenzo de Medici, the unworthy namesake of a great ancestor, was fresh in all their minds.

Domenichi is the leader of the conversation. His training and position as a scholar and a historian have enabled him to collect a mass of information about Duke Alexander, in whose actions he finds not only vivacity of spirit, but also incredible care for the State, inestimable piety, royal justice, and a degree of love towards his subjects which was nothing less than supernatural. And first for his care concerning the public welfare.

It was customary in Florence after a bad harvest to appoint officers whose duty it was by every exertion to keep down the price of corn. They were to make inquisitions, to discover where corn was being hoarded, and to insist on the stores being immediately thrown on the market. Nothing enraged the duke more than any such development of self-interest as constitutes what is now, in commercial jargon, known as "a corner;" and his indignation was therefore extreme when it reached his ears that the Commission of Plenty were themselves hoarding grain, and counting on the profit of a rising market. The consequence was that the price of corn was already half as much again as it need be; and the duke sent in hot haste for the commissioners. "What is your duty?" he asked them roughly, when they arrived; and when they answered that it was to provide for the public during seasons of scarcity, he asked again: "If so, how is it that you

have allowed the price of corn to rise so high? Can you say you thought that my wish?" "Signor," they answered humbly enough, "it was the bad harvest which was to blame." But the duke would have none of it. "Once for all," he said, "I tell you thus. The market must be fully supplied at not more than four grossi the bushel. I will have it so," stopping the excuses which he saw forming themselves. "You do your duty, and be wise." The commissioners were wise, and the thing was done.

In the same season or in another equally bad, the duke had laid up great stores of corn for public use; and being by no means desirous that private persons should retain their stores until his own were spent, he issued proclamations early in March calling upon every one who had grain to sell it in that month, and ordaining that any one who sold after March had expired should forfeit the grain, and stand the loss. Now there was a certain favorite of the duke, a man much about his person, who fancied himself able to influence his sovereign to his own advantage. This man had a huge quantity of corn lying in his barns; and, seeing that the market price was still low, he made up his mind to disregard the proclamation, and trust to escaping the penalty by his friendship with the duke. Time passed, and the price of corn rose. But when May was near at hand the Commissioners of Plenty swooped down suddenly on the courtier, and sequestered all the corn lying in his barns. Full of wrath, this man of commercial instincts ran to the palace, and told his story to the duke, enforcing it with a plain statement that if his Highness did not allow him to sell the corn, it would be impossible for him to maintain his station about the court. The duke professed great sorrow at hearing this. "But how has it happened?" he asked. "Did you not see the proclamations?" "Yes, but at that time the price was so low that I could do nothing with it." "The devil!" exclaimed the duke. "Pray what did you want to do? To besiege Florence,

perhaps, or make yourself duke? But the matter is out of my hands; the best I can do for you is, to advise you to do nothing and wait." The courtier took this speech as a hint that the duke would interfere secretly on his behalf, and said nothing more, except to point out that the corn, being in his barns, would be spoiled in the hot weather which was now near at hand. "Don't be anxious about that; leave it to me," said the duke; and the courtier went away reassured, fully expecting that in a few days he would receive permission to dispose of his corn. However, a month went by and he had heard nothing from the duke. Accordingly one day he ventured to observe, "Signor, that corn is spoiling." To which the duke answered cheerfully, "Don't be uneasy; leave it in my hands." The weather grew hotter, and the case more serious. Still nothing could be extracted from the duke, save a cheery assurance that he had not forgotten the matter. Meanwhile the corn was spoiled. By degrees the courtier began to perceive that the duke had been too subtle for him; and thinking it more prudent to let the matter drop, now that the loss had been sustained, he did not revert to it until the following year, when, the harvest being at hand, he went to the duke again, saying: "Signor, now the corn is spoiled, you will allow me to clear it out of my barns, and throw it away?" "Put it off a little while," said the duke. And so the matter went on, until at last the courtier built him new barns. The old ones were never emptied, but fell into ruin, and the loss to the greedy courtier taught him to obey the law in future.

Thus Domenichi reveals to his eagerly listening friends the methods of paternal government in Florence; and is rewarded whenever he pauses by a little murmur of eulogy, sometimes of himself, but more often of the duke. "Oh wondrous resolution!" exclaims Mannini, at the close of the last story. "Oh wondrous resolution, taking count of nothing but the public safety!" And Travaglia chimes in: "Oh, astonishing skill in procuring obedience! Worthy

stratagems! Subtle devices!" And so forth, until Domenichi, who is less interested in their comments than they are in his stories, cuts them short by saying, "Now listen!"

Among the officers of the court was one filling the post of chamberlain to whom the duke was much attached. This man had run up a long account for robes with a poor wool-merchant, who, being unable to wait longer for his money, solicited payment. The chamberlain put him off time after time; and at length told him he came too often, and was growing a nuisance. Still the merchant, who really needed his money, persevered, and after some months had passed in futile efforts to gain his point, he took the advice of his friends, and went to the palace to seek audience of his Highness. The duke, who was always accessible to any one of his subjects, listened to the merchant's story, questioned him, and convinced himself of its truth. "Go home," he said; "send to the chamberlain once more, asking for payment; and report the result to me." The merchant did as he was bid, but had to report only an insolent reply to his request. "Very well," said the duke. "I will arrange it for you." He sent the man away and let a few days pass. Then, choosing a favorable opportunity, when the chamberlain was dressing him, he began to caress him, patting him gently on the head, stroking his cheeks, and finally, dropping his hand on the chamberlain's neck, he took off a chain of great value, and turning to one of his pages, said: "Take this chain; carry it to the wool-merchant, and tell him to keep it carefully until our friend here pays him for the robes he has had." Then, in a meaning tone, he added to the chamberlain: "You will oblige me very much by redeeming that chain within eight days." And with that he went off hunting, leaving his dishonest servant overwhelmed with shame.

"I am stupefied," Travaglia declares, "as I listen to the wise speeches of the duke."

"You will be more stupefied when

you hear how generous he was towards his subjects," says Mannini, and on this hint, with the object perhaps of reducing Travaglia to the condition indicated, Domenichi plunges into another anecdote of the duke's wisdom and justice.

There was a certain citizen in Florence who had contracted a good many debts, not through misfortune but through simple disinclination to pay. He was very rich, but concealed that fact as much as possible; and by representing himself to the Council as a poor man well-nigh crushed with misfortunes, had obtained from them a letter protecting him from arrest. Among his creditors was a poor widow, who had placed in his hands the chief part of her small provision for life, but could get neither interest nor principal from him. She importuned him for payment; but he, emboldened by impunity, began to deny that he had ever known her. Then the widow resorted to the law-courts. Her case was plain: the merchant made no defence; and sentence was delivered in the widow's favor. The merchant ignored it; and finding that he did so, the widow took steps to have him arrested. The officers of the law found him in his house, and were about to lay hands on him, when he suddenly drew forth his letter of protection, flourished it in their faces, and discomfited them. There was but one course left, and the woman took it. She went to the duke, who listened to her story patiently, and being satisfied of its truth, sent a secretary to the merchant bidding him do what was right. The secretary returned with a plausible answer; but nothing was done, and in a few days the widow came again to say she was as far as ever from getting her money. "Why do you not have him arrested?" asked the duke. "How can I, signor, when the Council protects him?" "Then he cannot have the means of paying," the duke argued. "On the contrary, he is very rich; and nothing but his avarice led him to seek protection." "It is a strange case," said the duke. "Come back to me in six days

more." That period Duke Alexander passed in making inquiries as to the real position of the merchant; and having fully informed himself of this, he summoned the man to the palace, and requested him courteously to discharge his debt, representing that it would be a pleasure to himself to know the poor woman had her rights. The merchant declared he would pay her shortly, but added that he was a poor man, and could not do it at the moment. He left the duke, assuring him that the money would be paid ere long; but when the widow returned to the palace at the end of the stipulated period, the duke found she had heard nothing from her debtor. Instantly he called a page, saying sharply: "Find the man who is in debt to this poor woman, and bring him here at once." His manner was so stern that the page lost not a moment on the way, but brought back the merchant in less time than one might have thought possible. The duke was standing by the fire, his cloak thrown about his shoulders, for he was going to mass, and waited only to despatch the business which he had in hand; and as he stood, he was raking among the coals and ashes with a stick. "So," said he, when he saw the defaulting citizen enter, "then you have not yet paid this poor woman?" "Oh, signor, I am too poor," was the reply. "Too poor!" broke in the woman, "too poor! Then sell your farms in this place, your stores of corn in that, your olive-trees, and all your other wealth, and pay me what you justly owe!" The duke listened with a smile, and, drawing his stick out from the fire, he traced a circle on the floor with the blackened end. "Get into that space," he said, and the merchant obeyed. "Now," said the duke, "you shall not come outside that circle until you have paid the widow. If you do, I will cut off your head." "Signor, signor!" protested the frightened man. "I shall have to stay here forever." "On the contrary," said the duke calmly. "I am now going to mass; if I find you here when I return, be assured that I will hang you." The duke departed. The merchant, half dead

with fear (for the duke was quite able to keep his word), sent in post-haste for some of his friends, who succeeded in telling out the money due to the widow just before the duke returned.

"Less violence," observes Mannini, "would not have answered with one so pig-headed." Mannini is fond of dropping pregnant remarks, sometimes couched in language so sententious as to be a little over the heads of his companions. Perhaps Ricoveri suspected him of some such design to elaborate the present occasion; for he proceeded to suggest that in the enjoyment of this banquet of the mind which Domenichi had spread before them, it would be well not to forget that their bodies too had needs. Dinner-time was near, and they could finish talking about the duke afterwards. Whereupon they all adjourned to Ricoveri's house, where they dined sumptuously, and then separated, some to play at various gentle games, others to sleep away the hot hours in cool, silent chambers. Late in the afternoon they met again on the balcony of the house, whence there was a wide view over the valley beyond Florence, rich with waving cornfields. There these incorrigible talkers fell into an argument as to whether nature or art were the mightier; and they would probably have spent the whole day over that interesting topic had not Ricoveri, who seemed to care little which view was correct, recalled them to the duke. Domenichi was again installed in the seat of honor, and the others crowded round him to listen.

Long ago there came to Florence in his youth a velvet-maker from Bergamo, who opened a shop, and, aided by fortune and his own good sense, became very rich. He had neither wife nor child; and thus in his old age, being without any incentive to continue his work, he sold his shop, and retired to a pleasant house near Florence, where he spent his time in good works. The life which he had renounced still held his interests, however, and he constantly visited an old friend, also a velvet-maker, who still retained his

shop, and was glad enough to keep in touch with a rich man who had no pressing claims upon his wealth. Indeed the fact that his old gossip had hardly any use for his money so impressed itself on this astute merchant, that he began to ponder some scheme by which that money could be worthily employed; and having at last thought the matter out he assumed a very mournful air whenever he was in his old friend's society. The old man did not fail to notice this melancholy, and was made the more anxious by it, since all his questions as to its cause were deftly turned aside. Days passed, and the merchant's gloom increased; at last so deep did it become that the old man, who had a kindly heart and a very strong regard for his former fellow-tradesman, took him out to dinner at his house one day, and as they sat at table in the garden, pressed and even conjured him to disclose its cause, professing himself ready to do anything in his power to remove the distress which was oppressing so good a man. The merchant had hooked his fish, but he was too clever to bring him to land at once. So he returned evasive answers, assumed a semblance of gaiety, and even told his friend one or two pointless little stories which the old man knew quite well already. By these devices, varied by occasional relapses into deep melancholy, he worked up his friend's curiosity to the highest pitch, and when he judged the proper moment to have come, he declared he was half dead with anxiety about his business, being afraid that he would have to close his shop and accept disgrace. Some time ago, it appeared, he had bought stock worth eight hundred scudi. He had paid three hundred and fifty down at the time, and had left the remainder to stand over, relying on getting in moneys which were due to him. But he had not been paid those moneys.—Florence was full of dishonest fellows!—the time was at hand when he must complete the payment for his velvets, and he was at his wits' ends. He would not have distressed his colleague by telling him this, he added, if he had not been so

urgently pressed. The good old man was greatly concerned. "Don't despair, gossip," he said. "God will not desert you. Stay here till I return." He ran off to the house, and came back with a bag, in which was the greater part of the money he had obtained from the sale of his shop. There was a broken pillar standing near, and on it the old man counted out four hundred and fifty scudi, saying, "Take them for six or eight months at your convenience." He knew his old friend too well to ask for a receipt; such formalities were not necessary where both parties trusted each other. The merchant overwhelmed his friend with thanks, and went home gaily, protesting he had never until that moment known the worth of true affection. Time passed; the six months or eight months for which the money had been lent sped by, but nothing was said about returning it. The old man wondered, but felt a delicacy in reminding his friend of the transaction. Eighteen months slipped away, however, and at last he reminded the other gently that the term fixed for repaying the money was long past. "Money!" answered the merchant, with a puzzled expression. "What money are you talking of?" "What money? Why the scudi which I lent you in my garden." "Upon my word," the man of velvets protested with every appearance of good faith, "I think you must be jesting. I have not the least idea what you are speaking of, nor did I ever accept money from you without failing to return it promptly." The old man continued with rising indignation to assert his claim, but without the least success, and finally the other pushed him out of his shop, saying peevishly: "There, go away in God's name, before I do or say anything I shall be sorry for."

Thus insulted and swindled, the old man betook himself to the duke, in whose justice and resource he felt that his last hope lay of recovering his money. The duke after listening to his story, made inquiries of those who knew the other party to the transaction.

Of the honest old man he had some

personal knowledge; and having thoroughly satisfied himself from their antecedents which was likely to be the liar, he caused them to be confronted in his presence. When he saw the merchant enter, the old man, who had been instructed what to do, formally demanded his money, and was answered exactly as before. On this the duke interposed, saying he knew the old man well, and was assured he would not claim a debt which was not due to him. "Pray, therefore," said he in his most gracious manner, "pray therefore let him have the money." "I vow I never had it," cried the merchant; and at this the old man lost patience, and both adversaries, forgetting the duke's presence, raised their voices at once, and began to dispute loudly and angrily. "Was there absolutely no one present when you lent the money?" the duke asked. "No, signor, we were alone," the creditor answered; "there was nothing near us except the broken shaft of a pillar on which I told the money out." "Excellent!" cried the duke. "Fetch me that pillar; I will get the truth out of it." Off ran the simple old man, while the duke, ordering the dishonest merchant to wait, turned to other business. After a little while, not looking up from the papers he was reading, he observed carelessly, "What a long time our friend takes in fetching that pillar!" "Signor, he could scarcely be back yet; the pillar is large and heavy." The duke said nothing, but glanced up over his papers, and fixed a piercing look upon the merchant, who, being quite acute enough to see that he had betrayed too much knowledge of the pillar, grew more and more uneasy. He felt himself in the duke's power; he did not feel certain what was at the bottom of this business of the pillar. The silence weighed on him; from time to time he found the duke's eyes fixed on his, as if he read the lie clearly in them. At last Duke Alexander spoke again, as if to himself: "What sort of men are these to lend money without any kind of receipt or witness to the transaction!" And then, turning on the merchant quickly, he

asked: "Is it really the fact that no one was present but the pillar?" "No one at all," answered the frightened merchant, terrified into the truth. "That is quite enough," said Duke Alexander; "the pillar has made you tell the truth. Go now, and pay the money. Be grateful that I do not punish you as a swindler and a thief, as I most assuredly shall if I have to intervene in the affair again." Cowed and disgraced the fraudulent merchant slunk away from the palace; and before the day was over, he had paid his debt in full.

In acting the part of the Cadl under the palm-tree Duke Alexander's quick intelligence served him well. Another anecdote shows that he could be magnanimous to those who had been his enemies as well as just to those who professed themselves his subjects. There was a certain officer who, during the troubles of the years preceding the imposition of Duke Alexander upon the free citizens of Florence, had served with honor on the side of liberty; that is, on the side of the people, Domenicchi explains, his native republican feeling showing itself this once amid all his affection for the ruler whom the people had not freely chosen. When the dissensions were over, this officer tendered his services to the duke; but more than one of the courtiers advised against accepting them, saying that this man had fought more desperately than any other against the duke's party, showing an absolute recklessness of life. "Did he indeed fight so well?" said the duke with interest. "Then I would not lose him for the world. He will fight as well for us as he did against us."

One of his friends often told him that it was not becoming to a prince of his rank to go dressed so quietly, and quoted Aristotle, who says that princes should always be splendidly dressed, so that they may be known at once by their vassals. But the duke answered that it was more honorable to clothe his servants splendidly. "For," said he, "it is much better for me to dress many and deprive myself, than to deprive many that I may dress myself."

We will give one more instance of this ready tongue. The duke was at Naples, collecting troops for the expeditions which the emperor, his father-in-law, was preparing against Tunis. Among the regiments which passed before him, there was a cripple marching with the rest. Now there stood beside the duke a courtier whose courage in war was by no means undoubted, and said he, pointing to the cripple, "There is a man who ought to be on horseback." "I think not," the duke answered. "I should say on foot." "Why, signor?" "Because in war men are wanted to stand still, not to run away."

It was a biting remark, which probably made an enemy, and of enemies Duke Alexander had only too many. Imposed on the Florentines as their ruler by the influence of Pope Clement the Seventh, whom many believed to be his father, backed by the powers of France and Germany, he was inevitably associated in the minds of his people with the partial loss of their free institutions and the commencement of a tyranny. Political feelings were always fierce in Florence. Rome and the other chief cities of Italy were never free from bands of exiles who were perpetually plotting to regain their homes beside the Arno, and whose fiery hatred towards the existing government of their native city was a standing danger. These men had partisans within the walls, and were ever on the watch for blunders which might give them a handle against the duke.

How far Alexander was qualified by his character and talents to occupy a throne which was so insecurely propped is a question on which historians do not thoroughly agree. Some represent him as an abominable tyrant; others again think Florence might have been happy under his rule, had not the sword of an assassin cut it short. There is no ground for distrusting the stories which Ceccheregli has recorded. They have the ring of truth; and they prove that the duke possessed many

qualities of a great prince. But the gossips give only the bright side of the picture. Of the duke's difficulties Domenichi tells us nothing. He is silent as to all the circumstances of his death; and indeed there is not a word in Ceccheregli's book from which it could be gathered that Alexander's reign was not a season of profound peace, a sort of golden age.

Benvenuto Cellini, brightest and most graphic of chroniclers, gives us many glimpses of the duke. He tells us how Alexander gave him an order for a medal, in the progress of which he was so much interested that he ordered the goldsmith to be admitted to the palace at any hour at which he might present himself. Accordingly, Benvenuto saw him often reclining on his couch after dining with his cousin, Lorenzino de Medici, a man whom Cellini marvels that he trusted. On one occasion, when a subject for the reverse of the medal was under discussion, Benvenuto said: "Signor, be at ease. The medal shall be much finer than the one I made for Pope Clement, which was indeed my first attempt; and Messer Lorenzo here, who is a very clever and learned person, shall give me some splendid reverse for it." Lorenzo answered quickly: "I was thinking of nothing else than a reverse which would be worthy of his Excellency." The duke smiled, and said: "Lorenzo, you shall give him the reverse, and he shall do it here, without leaving Florence." "I will do it as soon as ever I can; and I hope it will be a thing to astonish the world." The duke turned away smiling at his cousin's conceit; but Lorenzo was not a man whose words could be so dismissed. There was a double meaning in them; and the reverse he was preparing was one of the blackest treachery which history can disclose. Duke Alexander was extravagantly licentious. Lorenzo made himself the companion of his vices, lured his prince to a solitary house, and stabbed him with his own hand as he lay in bed.

That night Benvenuto was riding towards Rome, when, having reached the summit of a small eminence, he and

his companions cried at the same moment: "God in heaven! What is that mighty thing in the sky over toward Florence?" It was, as Cellini describes it, a great mass of fire, spreading across the darkened sky and throwing out a light of extraordinary brilliance. "Certainly," said Benvenuto to his companions, "we shall hear to-morrow of some great event at Florence."

Late on the following day came the news of Lorenzo's crime; and immediately there arrived a rush of Florentine exiles at Cellini's shop.

First came Francesco Soderini, bumping about on a sorry mule of his, laughing immoderately all along the street like a madman, and crying out: "Here is the reverse of the medal which Lorenzino promised you for that rascally tyrant! You were for immortalizing our dukes; but I tell you we will have no more dukes."

And then came Baccio Bettini, another of the Florentine exiles (an ugly fellow, says Benvenuto, with a head as big as a basket), crying out: "We have unduked him! And now we will have no more dukes!"

Whereupon the whole crew began to jeer at Cellini, as if he had been the chief supporter of the dukes. He bore their gibes for some time in contemptuous silence, but at last he turned. "You silly fellows," he said, "I am only a poor goldsmith, serving whoever pays me, though you jeer at me as if I were at the head of a party; but I tell you, however loudly you laugh now, you will have another duke within three days, perhaps much worse than the last."

The next day Bettini came back again, saying: "There is no use in spending money on couriers when you know everything before it happens." And with that preface, he told Cellini that Lorenzo's crime had missed its aim, and that Cosimo de Medici had been chosen duke, but only on stringent conditions which would probably keep him within bounds.

At this hope Benvenuto laughed. "These men of Florence," he said, "set a young man upon a mettled horse;

they give him spurs, throw the bridle loose in his hand, and lead him out upon a smooth lawn, where are flowers and fruits and every delight. Then they draw a line, and bid him not venture to pass it. Tell me then who shall hold him, if he will cross the line? The laws are not for those who are masters of them."

These words, spoken of Duke Cosimo, but suggested by the deeds of Duke Alexander, sum up tersely enough the story of his short life.

From Blackwood's Magazine.
MY FRIENDS WHO CYCLE.

The startling announcement that the gigantic sum of £3,000,000 was to be paid for the Pneumatic Tyre Company, and that a new company was to be floated with a capitalization of £5,000,000, in the place of the original company with its comparatively modest capital of £250,000, has created something like a revolution in the financial world. Many a speculator for a rise, who has hitherto confined his attention to South African and Westralian mines, and has made a study of assays and monthly crushings, will be prone henceforth to turn his attention to this new field for gambling, and to watch with more attention than heretofore the determination of our home population to be up to date in fashions and recreations. The chancellor of the exchequer has already made his acknowledgments for no mean portion of his surplus of £6,000,000 to the mining markets; the signs of the times seem to point to the possibility that a boom in bicycling industries may provide him with a substantial contribution towards the hoped-for surplus in 1897. Whether in view of the abnormal increase in the number of bicycles either the present or some future chancellor may conceive the audacious design of taxing a machine which is after all a luxury to one, if a necessity to another, moiety of riders; or whether either county or district councils, which seem to be re-

specters of persons to a less acute degree than governments almost of necessity are, may find in a moderate impost on bicycles a way of tempering the wind to that shorn lamb the pedestrian ratepayer, who is condemned to pay the piper for the repair of roads on which his personal safety is endangered and his nerves violently shaken by the vagaries of wheelmen,—these are questions beyond the scope of this paper.

Less sudden than what I have spoken or as a revolution in the financial world, but quite as marked, has been the entire change of popular feeling on the subject of bicycles; and by popular feeling I do not mean the feeling only of those thousands who have lately become converts—slow, unwilling converts like myself many of them—to the art of cycling, but the feeling also of those sections of society who, though for various reasons unable to ride themselves, now tacitly approve of and encourage what a few years ago they condemned and abominated.

De Bruce! I rose with purpose dread
To speak my curse upon thy head;

O'ermastered yet by high behest,
I bless thee, and thou shalt be bless'd!

As I read in a local paper not so very long ago a letter of thanks addressed by an elderly incumbent to his parishioners, who had subscribed to present him with a costly bicycle which he had yet to learn to ride, I was at a loss which to admire most—whether the generosity of the parishioners in presenting the gift or the pluck of the recipient who had undertaken to use it. But then, as I thought of my own feelings a few years back toward cycles and cyclists, I began to wonder whether the old clergyman was at all in the position of the abbot in the "Lord of the Isles," and had been mastered not exactly by high behest but by the God or Goddess of Fashion, who so often coerces humanity into following its dictates. For as I head my paper with the title "My Friends who Cycle," I cannot help recalling the fact that less

than ten years ago I not only did not consciously own a friend who bicycled, but rather had the feeling that, if any friend of mine did take to such a pursuit, our paths must for the future lie apart. For in very sooth there was a time when I had almost learned to loathe the sight and sound of a bicycle. There was little elegance methought in the art; the exponents thereof were for the most part beyond words objectionable. As they came tearing past me down the Bath road on Sundays, I felt that their personal appearance was unlovely, and their manners unnecessarily aggressive. They rode at top-speed, crouching down over their machines, and the majority of them seemed to take an unholy pleasure in startling, closely shaving, and, to speak generally, exasperating foot-passengers.

But time rolled on, and a change came over the scene. The bike became the fashion, and as a more respectable class of riders took to the road, and the manners of the cyclist improved, the feeling of loathing gave place to toleration, and I no longer felt wholly out of charity with my fellow-being simply because he chose to bestride a bicycle. It came to me, however, as a new and surprising sensation when a passing cyclist suddenly jumped off his machine, and as he shook me warmly by the hand, I recognized in him a quondam cricketing ally.

"But why have you come down to this?" I presently inquired.

"Come down, you call it! Why, there's no exercise like it in the world, my dear fellow. It costs nothing to feed, and is always ready to go. You can ride it the whole year round, and in almost any weather. It saves a fortune in cabs, and keeps your liver going."

These certainly seemed strong arguments in favor of the machine, and as one by one my friends fell victims to the fascinations of the bike, I found myself, not only in the smoking-room at night, but even at the afternoon tea-table, inundated by bicycle conversation, and presently grew large-hearted

enough to own that it was infinitely more intelligible and more amusing than golf shop. In fact, if all the stories I heard were true, I gleaned some interesting information about the habits and customs of the bicycle. It would appear on the evidence I heard—and I may add that I have later on partially verified sundry conclusions originally based on the argument from authority by personal observation as well as by painful experiment—that many commonly accepted opinions on the subject are quite erroneous. To all, then, whom it may concern, be it known that a bicycle is not merely an inanimate and insensate piece of machinery. On the contrary, it possesses not only all the instincts, but also not a few of the vices, of quadruped animals, is quick to distinguish between rough and kindly handling, and capable of recognizing the presence of an intelligent and skilful rider quite as readily as the horse. The same machine which, under good management, is perfectly tractable and docile, will be found under opposite conditions to combine the obstinacy of a mule with the kicking powers of a jackass. I have heard one man complaining that his bicycle always lashed out and barked his shin as he was mounting; another that his invariably fell upon him heavily as he dismounted; while a hireling which had behaved quite respectably for a whole week, after standing in the stable on Sunday, was so fresh on Monday morning that, after trying to run away, it jibbed so suddenly that the rider was thrown violently forward on to his face and received some severe contusions. Walter Raleigh's well-known verse—

Fain would I climb but that I fear to fall—

must have found a ready echo in the heart of many a beginner who has hopped for fifty yards along a road with one foot on the step of his machine, hesitating to make the final attempt to climb up from one side owing to a conviction grounded upon past experience that it would only be a prelude to tumbling off on the other. A lady,

not overmuch troubled by nerves, described to me what a shock it was to wifely feelings, when, having persuaded her husband, who had been sedulously practising in the garden, to make his first public trial on the high-road, on turning a corner round which he had of course after the manner of husbands preceded her, she saw nothing but his heels sticking up into the air out of a very deep ditch. There were fortunately no bones broken, and it is needless to say that it was entirely the fault of the machine, which had first shied across the road at the corner, then deliberately buck-jumped and kicked, and finally, having thrown the rider over its head into the ditch, had proceeded to sit down on the top of him. Indeed, if the gentleman's account is to be credited, that particular bicycle either had, for some days at all events, only one side to its mouth, or having at some period of its existence been ridden to the hounds, resented hammering along the hard highroad, and not only attempted to jump the hedge and ditch into the adjoining field on every possible opportunity, but, being a high-couraged animal, invariably selected for the attempt that side of the road where the ditch was deepest and muddiest, and the hedge thickest and most prickly. Times there were, again, when that self-willed machine would resolutely ignore all rules of the road, and as if suddenly acquiescing in the rider's desire to avoid hugging the hedge, would persist in occupying the middle of the road, and either decline to give way to any passing vehicle or attempt to force a passage on the wrong side. Had it not been for the stronger mind of the lady-rider, who was a perfect mistress of her machine, the gentleman would have given up the struggle at a very early period of his cycling career. For, after narrowly shaving the wheels of the first vehicle he attempted to pass, he dismounted, and, pale in the face and trembling in every limb, announced his determination of going home.

"Nonsense! Get up again and go on; you'll be all right presently," and the

doubting Barak obeyed the edict of strong-minded Deborah, remounted, persevered, and in course of time became an accomplished cyclist.

Again, I met a man in the flesh not so very long ago, who, being of a sanguine temperament, after about a month's practice by daylight, conceived himself to be sufficiently advanced in the art to ride out to a dinner-party on a summer evening. As a result of this misplaced confidence, he appeared at the breakfast-table on the following morning with a wofully scratched face. He disclaimed having had any quarrel with the family cat, but accounted for his disfigurement by stating that his cycle had also dined out, and—to use plain language—had made a beast of itself. He had found it in the course of his return journey by no means in the helpless, but rather in the foolhardy, stage of drunkenness, which had prompted it to perform sundry antics more dangerous than amusing. After shying at its own shadow in the road and playing the fool generally, it suddenly elected to attempt to jump a thick hedge, with disastrous results. The owner subsequently sold the machine to a German, who cured it by homœopathy, and it is now a reformed character. Its successor, in imitation of Alcibiades, one day elected to throw itself down flat in front of a heavy van, and having been trampled upon by a dray-horse and run over by the wheels of the van, took a good deal of repairing.

I have been told that it is not wholly advisable for a rider who has not attained a certain amount of proficiency to take out his watch and look at the time while riding a fresh machine. A friend of mine who made the experiment fell into dire disgrace with a wife and husband who were riding on either side of him. For the machine, finding itself temporarily master of the situation, manoeuvred so skilfully that it upset first the lady and then the gentleman into their respective ditches. That the delinquent rider should have himself fallen on the top of the latter victim was a wholly unnecessary pro-

ceeding, as I have been informed by another of my friends who cycle. For he assures me that in the days of his pupillage in the art he managed to upset his mentor for the time being, a parson, into a ditch without suffering the least personal inconvenience.

Furthermore, it is a wise precaution, so many of my cycling friends have assured me, to ride very slowly or even to dismount when passing through a village, where children and chickens, dogs and ducks, pigs and perambulators, and all other things that may be held to come under the category of *fera domestica*, patrol the streets at pleasure. For some bicycles are of a gay and frivolous disposition, and delight to play with other animals, and as a bicycle's ideas of playing much resemble those of a goat, the results are often disastrous. Dogs are especially objectionable. Like the amiable hound against which Mr. Quilp considerably cautioned Sampson Brass, they may live on the right hand, but sometimes hide on the left, ready for a spring, and many of them have a playful habit of attacking the comparatively unprotected calves of knickerbockered cyclists, and not always being good judges of pace, are apt to get run over by mistake, to the disconcertment of both parties. Commonly speaking, the dog gets the best of the transaction. The partiality displayed by these animals for bicyclists' calves is a strong argument, if any were wanting, against the adoption of the rational costume by lady-riders. Although cats are reputed to have nine lives, I am assured on good authority that an unhappy cat was almost instantaneously killed, and almost converted into sausages, when, being closely pursued by a dog, she attempted to rush through the wheel of a passing bicycle. As the rider of the machine took a severe fall, I cannot recommend this as a safe and convenient way of killing a cat, nor have I felt the least anxiety to accept the offer of a cycling friend, who suggested that just by way of experiment he should hunt the cat if I would ride the bicycle. Sheep are, I am told, just as stupid

about bicycles as they are about everything else that goes on wheels. A young lady in Devonshire riding down a grass slope came across a sheep which was lying down exactly in her way. Much to the consternation of her friends, who were watching the performance, she apparently attempted to jump the animal. Over rolled the trio, with the result that the bicycle was more or less damaged, the sheep's feelings were hurt, and the lady got a black eye.

"But why did you do it?" they asked her.

"I do it!" was the indignant reply; "I rang my bell as loud as I could, but the silly creature would not get out of the way."

From Peterborough about eighteen months ago a party of bicyclists started one morning to visit some churches in the neighborhood. Several members of the party, which comprised an equal number of ladies and men, were comparative novices, and there was a little discussion as to the best method of marshalling the force. That they should all ride abreast seemed a convenient and sociable arrangement, and it was in this formation that most of the outward journey was accomplished. Then, however, the left-flank lady's machine kicked or jibbed or did something unexpected, the lady fell against her neighbor, and the whole party toppled over like a row of ninepins. Fortunately no great harm was done, but it was deemed advisable to reconsider their arrangement, and eventually it was decided that riding in single file would be a more secure, if less sociable, method of proceeding. It was in this formation that they commenced their return journey, and again all went on smoothly till the foremost rider encountered a flock of sheep. A really wise man would under the circumstances have dismounted, but the gentleman in question scorned so timorous a line of action, and attempted to thread his way through the sheep, with the almost inevitable result that he came to grief. The lady rider who followed fell over her leader, and there

ensued a scene which recalls the chariot-race described by Orestes:—

Then order changed to ruin,
Car crushed on car; the wild Crissean plain

Was sea-like strewed with wrecks.

For the wild Crissean plain substitute a very dusty country road, and the reader can imagine the rest. For those who know the ways of sheep it is almost needless to add that the whole flock ran helter-skelter over their fallen adversaries, who swallowed a sufficient amount of Olympic dust to satisfy their cravings in that direction for a long time to come.

But to return more directly to my subject. I seem to have brought myself to a period when I had begun to regard bicycles and their riders with toleration. The final stamp of respectability was in my eyes affixed to cycling when I met an Eton master riding along the Slough road at a dignified pace, and with the air of a man who is very much in earnest. So intent indeed was he, and so entirely engrossed in the solemnity of the performance, that he looked neither to the right nor to the left, and my wave of the hand passed as a sort of work of supererogation, and was absolutely lost upon him. I felt a little hurt at the time, as no man exactly likes to be cut dead, either on purpose or by accident, on the queen's highway; but I have since heard it hinted that the apparent premeditation is not quite so real as it looks, but is only assumed in virtue of the fact that to take off his hat, to nod, or even to look round by way of acknowledging the greeting, would infallibly upset the rider's equilibrium, and that he prefers the risk of quarrelling with his acquaintances to the chances of an ignominious spill.

And with this event ended the happy days of my innocence, and now, owing to the circumstance that many of my most intimate friends had become masters of the craft, I ceased to regard wheelmen with positive antipathy. I had rather learnt to tolerate than to envy.

Presently signs were not wanting that I was soon to see the war being carried into my own country. In the first place, my small daughter (*àtât*, six), of whom it might at that advanced age be said with some truth that if her bodily presence was weak her pertinacity was by no means contemptible, received a letter from a fond bachelor uncle in Germany. Little dreaming of the heights to which it was possible for the young lady's ambition to soar, the rash man had inscribed the sentence, "Mind you write and tell me what present I am to bring you from Wiesbaden." Here, indeed, was at once a problem to be solved and a situation to be envied—not merely an ordinary present from an ordinary uncle, but any present she liked to select from an uncle in foreign parts. The little girl we read of in moral tales would of course have written back to the effect that any present which "her own dear darling uncle" brought her would be equally acceptable, and a really well-brought-up and refined specimen girl of the nineteenth century would have chosen a German doll or a book. But the particular small atom who calls me father, being a very ordinary and unregenerate atom, had apparently only been waiting for an opportunity to exercise her freedom of choice. About one trivial but not wholly unimportant detail, a mere matter of orthography, her mind was not quite clear, and either being doubtful of the line that her mother would take, or having, unlike Rehoboam, more confidence in the judgment of elderly counsellors, she suddenly announced that she was going to consult her grandmother on important business. Armed with the letter, and wearing an air of great gravity, she sallied forth on her mission, escorted by her usual retinue of one nurse and two or three dogs.

"Grannie," she exclaimed, immediately on entering the drawing-room, "I want to ask you something very 'ticular."

"Well, darling, what is it?"

"Why, how do you spell bicycle?" and then came out the whole story,

how her uncle had told her to choose a present, and how she had always been longing to have a bicycle; how she meant to write the letter herself, because she was sure that her mother would substitute "ball" or "doll" or something stupid, and how the only difficulty was that she was not quite sure how to spell the word. The magic word was duly written down for her in large letters and consigned to her pocket. But, alas! for the treachery of grannie, who secretly passed on the story to the child's mother. This breach of good faith did not, as it happened, make much difference in the long-run. For the atom, not being much of a scribe, eventually enlisted her mother to act as amanuensis, previously extorting a promise that the word bicycle was not to be transmogrified. Whether the mother added a postscript on her own account is open to question. But on the whole it was perhaps fortunate for the peace of the family that bicycles are not commonly registered as "made in Germany." For there is no knowing to what depths of besottedness a bachelor uncle's fondness for his one and only niece is capable of leading him.

At this time, I may remark, that had I ever entertained the most remote idea of joining the rank of bicyclists, that idea would have been at once nipped in the bud by my better half, who had even stronger feelings on the subject than I had. Living as we did near the Bath road, some twenty miles out of London, on fine Sundays in the spring and summer months we naturally either met or were overtaken by hordes of London clerks and shop-boys, for whom we may charitably suppose that Sunday is the sole day in the week available for their favorite amusement. And I have no doubt that, having from observation come to the conclusion that "many bicyclists are Sabbath-breakers," she at once jumped, as feminine logicians are apt to jump, from the particular to the universal, and laid it down as a legitimate inference that "all bicyclists are Sabbath-breakers," and then possibly, still employing fem-

inine logic, proceeded to convert this proposition into the still more damning formula, "all Sabbath-breakers are bicyclists." However, in course of time, when, like the rest of the world, she discovered that some of her male relations, connections, and personal friends had taken to the pursuit, she allowed herself to be educated into believing that it was possible for a male being to be a good Christian and ride a bicycle at the same time. And the fact that hard-working parish clergymen were seen to go about their vocation on wheels finally completed her conversion so far as men were concerned. But all the bristles of virtuous indignation fairly stood erect when for the first time she met one of her own sex riding along the road. "Horrid creature!" was the mildest epithet that she applied to the unfortunate delinquent. There is no doubt the idea of a woman striding a bicycle—for I fancy that they did stride them perforce a few years back, if they rode at all—was sufficiently shocking to many of the fair sex. For although it is an admitted fact that mankind is at all ages an animal with two legs, custom seems to have ordained that after a certain age girls should be supposed to have dispensed with such unnameable commodities as legs, much in the same fashion as the tadpole dispenses with its tail, and merely to have retained feet and ankles, to be displayed or hidden according to their shapeliness or unrepresentability. And now, in defiance of this edict of Mrs. Grundy, this "horrid creature" was evidencing the circumstance of her unconventional bifurcation.

But a few months passed, and lo! the newspapers informed a rather sceptical public that the highest ladies of the land were patronizing the bike, and in due course of time "horrid creatures" were no longer regarded as things beyond the pale of civilization, but were merely criticised on the score of figure, get-up, and other points which it is the habit of the sex to notice.

Yet another year passed, and now it was a case of "*jam proximus ardet*

Ucalegon." It is unfortunate that *proxima* would not scan, but it did so happen that this Ucalegon wore petticoats, and was not only what Mr. Weller would have denominated a highly "virtuous female," but, what was still more to the point, a distinctly ecclesiastical young lady. From the day that my wife discovered that an intimate friend and neighbor had taken the decisive step of becoming a bicyclist, I noticed that she watched all lady performers with a new and even kindly attention, and began to regard their progress through rose-colored spectacles. And so it came to pass that one fine day six months ago I was assailed by a not unusual question, "Are you going to do anything particular to-day?" Experience has taught me, as it has probably taught many other male beings since the world was created, to give a diplomatic answer to this inquiry. An affirmative reply is generally disliked; a direct negative, on the other hand, exposes the unwary answerer to the risk of being invited or commanded to come out and pay calls. We all know what paying calls in the country implies; the men of the house are of course always out, the lady and the baby generally at home, and the unfortunate calling man is expected to entertain the baby, which either slobbers, or, if of an age so to do, makes personal remarks, while his wife gossips comfortably with the hostess. However, on this particular occasion I shortly elicited that I might have leave of absence for the whole day and no questions asked.

It was intimated to me in so many words that I might go where I liked, and do what I liked, provided only that on no consideration whatever did I set foot in the back garden. My recollection is that I really did mean to take a day out, but that something occurred to upset my plans, so that in the course of the afternoon I found myself not exactly in the forbidden ground, but in a room which commanded a view of it. "Curiosity, thy name is—" well it ought to be woman, but just on that one day it was man. It was impos-

sible to resist the temptation. Like Eve, I fell; like peeping Tom, I looked and saw—my wife solemnly parading the lawn on a bicycle, supported by a lady on either side, while two or three other members of the sex were playing the part of appreciative spectators. I cannot exactly say that her progress was the poesy of motion, or that it was much more "elegant" and "swanlike" than Mr. Winkle's skating. Indeed, from the way that she wobbled from side to side and momentarily threatened to collapse into the arms of one or other of her supporters, I think that she must have had very much the same feelings about her machine as Mr. Winkle had about his skates.

"These—these—are very awkward skates; ain't they, Sam?" inquired Mr. Winkle, staggering.

It is as well not to quote Sam's answer. Ladies, we know, are never awkward. It is hardly possible for a tyro to look dignified on a bicycle; but, so far as expression of countenance went, there was an air of settled determination, which showed that the rider sufficiently realized the gravity of the situation. But occasional shrieks of laughter, either from actress or audience, relieved the solemnity of the performance. Now that the initial difficulties have been after some perseverance overcome, I occasionally see the lady riding round the lawn, looking very much in earnest, and, as she has informed me, repeating to herself the formula, "I must get off like a lady," and she professes to have partially succeeded in compassing that laudable ambition. If this is really the case, as an impartial observer I can only record my opinion that ladies' methods of dismounting are rather multifarious than uniformly graceful.

It need hardly be said that after this I joined the ranks of bicyclists myself. I had regarded my daughter's desire to possess a bike rather in the light of a passing fancy, as an instance, shall I say, of that possession of the bump of acquisitiveness which prompts her to require that I should at once purchase, for her own personal amusement, grat-

ification, or edification, any stray dog, cat, lamb, or calf.

"I don't mind a bit, father. I don't want you to buy it for me out of your money; but I have got ten pounds of my own in the bank, and if you will only get it out for me I will buy it myself, and give up my puppy and my pony, and only love that dear little calf."

"But next year that calf will be a cow."

"Oh, yes, and then it will have another little calf, and so I shall always have a calf to play with."

And in like manner she had doubtless expected that a little bicycle would either grow up with herself or else multiply and replenish the earth with smaller bicycles. The child's fancy, then, had not seriously disturbed me. But that my wife should not only have so far forsworn all her old-time antipathies as to meditate herself to play the rôle of a "horrid creature," but should actually have tried to steal a march upon me and learn as it were upon the sly, was altogether too much for my feelings. How was I to know that she would not go off biking with some other fellow, and leave me powerless to follow?

From that day I was possessed with a grim determination to learn the art at any cost. But, unlike the lady, I was oppressed by no feeling of false modesty, but rather gloried in my shame, and announced to all who cared to know it that I had made up my mind to ride a bicycle. I learnt on a principle of my own which I can confidently recommend to beginners. I was helped on to my machine by a groom at one end of a gravel path, and after being fairly started, ordered the man to let go, and struck out manfully for a bush which was at the farther end of the same path. The bush, which was thick and thornless, was at once my goal and my buffer, and I felt a proud man when for the first time I charged it violently.

Dimidium facti, qui bene cœpit, habet.

I argued to myself that a man who could ride thirty yards alone on Mon-

day might hope to accomplish a mile on Tuesday, nor was I disappointed. When after some preliminary canters in the garden I ventured to take the road, I was so far advanced in the art that I neither felt myself impelled to throw myself into the hedge, as one man who had neglected to learn to dismount confessed that he was in early days fain to do whenever he met a cart. Nor again was I compelled to enlist the services of stray tramps and passers-by, which was the habit of another of my acquaintances who boldly sallied forth abroad at a period when he had mastered the science of dismounting but was absolutely unable to mount without assistance. Hitherto I have met with no startling adventures. I have neither charged a windmill like Don Quixote or a traction-engine like a more modern acquaintance, I have not been pulled out of a ditch by my wife or tried to clear a sheep like my Devonshire heroine, and I have turned a deaf ear to the suggestion that I should purchase a second-hand Sociable.

From Sunday at Home.
EASTER DANCES AT MEGARA.

Easter Monday seems a holiday all the world over! Athens was quiet and empty—the people delighting to go for rambles and excursions in the beautiful environs. We betook ourselves to the Hill of Philopappus. At the tiny church of S. Demetrius, in the valley, a baptism was going on. There was a large crowd, nearly all men, many remaining outside. So did we. A table bearing a holy picture was put up outside the church, and the picture was kissed by the worshippers. The Greek Church practises baptism by immersion. The priest, a tall, noble-looking man, clad in red and gold embroidery, made his oration outside the chapel, and was eloquent in gesture and tones. We could gather that he made Easter metaphors of the young life beginning, the glory of the fresh spring, and the city rising again from the monumental stones of her hills. We had been

noticed as strangers, and a youth advanced to us and gracefully offered each of us the little metal token and ribbon distributed among the guests. The Easter festivities are wound up on Easter Tuesday, on which day the famous "Easter dances" of Megara are held, giving excellent opportunity for seeing national dress and manners. A railway journey of one hour and forty minutes connects Megara with Athens, and the route lies along the shores of the Bay of Salamis and past Eleusis, now a mere poor village, but once the temple of the great "mysteries" whereby the ancient Greek caught glimpses of higher life. The scenery is exquisite; indeed it is impossible to exaggerate the natural grandeur and loveliness of Greece.

The little town of Megara, once a place of great importance, straggles up a hillside. As we climb, we notice that nearly all the houses have beside them an open oven, something like a beehive with a big cavity in the side. The Greeks have always been prone to learn much from the bee—a very important creature to them in the olden days, when his labors furnished the sole sweetening of their food! It is said that the architect of the great Greek church of S. Sophia at Constantinople (now used as a Turkish mosque) got his inspiration from the study of bees' work. There was no squalor in

Megara, if but little show of wealth. In its tiny "Place" was a roomy, bright church, with a cheery man to do the honors to anybody who looked in. Beyond the town lies a wide plain with a natural platform of low rocks on one side. On these rocks, bough-screened booths had been improvised, where lemonade, oranges, and the resinous country wine were sold. Here sat folks from all the country-side: fathers, mothers, and children, merry, happy, and innocent. The costumes of the women were wonderful; beautiful in form, exquisite in color, delicate of handiwork. Everything looked perfectly fresh but we were assured that many of the dresses and ornaments were heirlooms. In some of the dances men were alone; in others, women; in a few, men and women joined. The music which accompanies the low chant-like singing consisted of a wooden pipe, a mandoline, a small guitar, and a drum. This dance, like that of the Royal Guard, is highly decorous, and the happy faces wore the same serious expression, marking the religious origin of the festival. I noticed many very beautiful and fine faces. The Megareans boast of the comparative purity of their descent from the ancient Greeks. Certainly these Easter dances illustrate the sculptures on antique friezes.

Ivory.—The African elephant will in a few years become a rarity, if the ivory trade is to continue flourishing at its present rate. Ivory now reaches Europe chiefly from the Congo, and as the king of the Belgians is the ruler of the Congo State, its exports naturally come to Antwerp, which has had an irregular sort of an ivory trade ever since 1546, when it was started by the Spaniards. Last year some three hundred and seventy-six tons were sold in London, and only half as much at Antwerp; but this year the London consignments dropped to two hundred and forty-nine tons, and Antwerp steps into the leading place, Liverpool having been distanced some time since. Elephants are like timber; they take longer to

grow than to fell. It requires an appreciable number of years to grow a good pair of tusks, and tusks must be both good and many to form a load of over six hundred tons. A few years back one of the Sheffield firms was using up every year an amount of ivory for knife-handles that would account for the slaughter of eight hundred elephants, and several other silver-plate and cutlery firms were using almost as much. The result was that the demand exceeded the supply to such an extent that xylonite and other substitutes found their way largely and permanently into every-day use. It is in the further adoption of these substitutes that the elephant must look for his survival.

